
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1798.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF EARL HOWE.

TO devote a portion of our pages to a detail of Naval Biography will, we are persuaded, impart a degree of pleasure to the generality of our Readers. The *insular* situation of Britain renders her exertions by sea of peculiar importance both to our commercial interests and to the existence of our national dignity. With alacrity, therefore, do we record the particulars which have marked the life of the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

EARL HOWE was born in or about the year 1722. He is the second son of Scrope Viscount Howe, of Clarrawly, by Lady Charlotte, daughter to the Baron Kilmansegg, in Germany, who was Master of the Horse to King George I. as Elector of Hanover. The subject of our memoirs appears to have possessed an early predilection for the sea, for at a tender age he entered into the naval service. Of the particulars of his life during this period we are ignorant. This must be attributed to a defect in our naval annals. Ships are mentioned without specifying the names of their officers. The deficiency of which we complain will, we trust, be remedied for the future by the undertaking of J. Charnock, Esq. who has announced a *Naval History*, which promises to be not unworthy of the countenance of the British nation.

By the Navy List it appears, that in 1746 Earl Howe
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was made a post captain in the Triton man of war, and in 1752 appointed to the command of the Dolphin. At the time of his former promotion he was only twenty-four years of age, and had scarcely reached his thirtieth year at the period of his latter advancement. There was, we doubt not, a sufficient display of merit to justify his elevation to these posts of honour. And it must afford satisfaction to our Readers to know these *first* steps by which this eminent personage hath arisen to his present celebrity.

At the commencement of the year 1755, when some misunderstandings were taking place between France and Britain, Admiral Boscawen was sent to watch the motions of the enemy along the American coast. In this squadron Earl Howe commanded the Dunkirk. His ship, together with the Defiance, fell in with two French men of war, upon which a fierce and bloody engagement ensued. So closely did they engage with each other, that a Frenchman on the yard-arm being killed, dropped into the Dunkirk. The enemy were captured after a most obstinate struggle. Thus did our young hero strike the first blow of that famous contest in which our naval efforts were distinguished by peculiar glory. On board the French prizes were eight companies of land forces, and the Governor of *Louisbourg*, together with the sum of 30,000*l.* In the command of this ship Earl Howe continued till the expedition was undertaken against Rochfort, when he was promoted to the *Magnanime*, of 74 guns, in the fleet of the celebrated Admiral Hawke. Rochfort is a handsome and considerable sea-port town of France, in the territory of Aunis, with a very commodious harbour, and one of the most famous in the kingdom. The expedition against this place did not succeed. Our hero, however, distinguished himself in the business. Upon a fort, situated in the island of *Aix*, in the mouth of the *Charante*, leading up to Rochfort, he poured such a broadside, that the French colours were struck. Such
were

were his courage and perseverance in harassing and overcoming an enemy !

In the year 1758, the Earl was selected by the immortal Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt), to undertake a second expedition against the French coast. He sustained the title of Commodore, and left Portsmouth with one line of battle ship, the *Essex*; three fifties; seven frigates; six sloops, with fire ships, bombs, tenders, cutters, and transports. The troops were commanded by the Duke of Marlborough. They directed their course to St. Maloes, a sea-port, which has a large frequented harbour, difficult of access by means of the rocks which surround it. Upon their arrival they found the town well provided against an attack, and therefore only set fire to about an hundred sail of ships, and to several magazines of naval stores. They then steered away for Cherbourg, a sea-port in Normandy. Though they did not in the first instance hazard a debarkation, yet they soon returned and effected their purpose. The fortifications at this place had been raised under the skillful *Vauban*, and enormous sums expended in their erection. These, however, were destroyed. Having returned to Britain, and deposited his trophies, he again sailed for St. Maloes, where his troops were landed in the vicinity of the town. This attempt was not attended with success. Owing to the state of the army, and to the impetuosity of the enemy, a re-embarkation was effected with great carnage. Earl Howe, however, much to his praise, eminently contributed to assist the distressed troops. The bay was scoured by the batteries of the French. Yet he ventured in a boat, and by rendering himself conspicuous to the fleet at this awful crisis, impelled numbers to proceed instantly to their assistance. This redounds to the honour of his Lordship's humanity. Amid the fortunes of war such opportunities of displaying a spirit of kindness do not unfrequently offer themselves. Thrice happy the man ! who on such occasions becomes distinguished. He alleviates the horrors of war.

He diminishes the extent of its evils. He, on his part, does every thing to relieve the distresses of suffering humanity.

At the time when this event happened, this act of *humane heroism* made an impression on several individuals. And to Earl Howe on this account the subsequent lines were appositely applied:—

So when the Grecians to their navy fled,
High o'er the trench *Achilles* rear'd his head,
Greece for one glance of that tremendous eye
Strait took new courage and disdain'd to fly;
Troy saw aghast the livid lightnings play,
And turn'd their eye-balls from the flashing ray.

POPE'S HOMER.

During this expedition the Earl lost his elder brother, in America, by whose decease he succeeded to the family title and its appropriate honours. Previously however to this circumstance, his late majesty had ordered his Lordship to be minuted for a Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, alledging, that he loved to see *brave men* about his person. But this designation not taking place in consequence of his peerage, he was appointed Colonel of Marines.

In 1759, a famous action was fought between the late Sir Edward Hawke, and M. Conflans. The *Magnanime* was one of the first ships which faced the enemy, Their fire Earl Howe for some time sustained alone. Losing her fore-yard, and being in other respects crippled, his ship was driven by the wind through the enemy's fleet to leeward. Here observing the *Heros* of 74 guns, commanded by Viscount de Sanfay, sailing away, he pursued her, and after a bloody contest she surrendered. The sails and rigging of the *Magnanime* were almost torn in pieces, and near one hundred of the crew killed and wounded.

We must here record an amiable trait in the character of our hero, which deserves universal imitation from persons in similar situations. After an action, it is said,
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that he constantly went below and talked to every wounded man. He sat beside their cradles and saw that they were supplied with his own fresh stock and wines, according to the direction of the surgeon.

On the 29th of September 1760, Earl Howe undertook an expedition against a small fort on the island of *Dumet*, and reduced it. He was now appointed one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. In 1763, he was constituted a Lord of the Admiralty, and in 1765, made Treasurer of the Navy. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of the Blue, and in 1776, became Rear Admiral of the White. His merit was now rendered more and more conspicuous. It is not therefore to be wondered that he should be distinguished by an accumulation of honour. When Sir Edward Hawke politely introduced him into the presence of the late king, his Majesty addressed the Earl in these memorable words:—"My Lord, your life has been a series of continued successes to your country!"

In the year 1776, upon the commencement of the unhappy war between Britain and her Colonies, to him was assigned the American station. Though left to encounter a French fleet alarmingly superior, he, by an almost miraculous discernment, preserved his ships from the impending danger. The preservation of his flag in 1778, off Sandy Hook, has been a theme of applause with those who are profoundly versed in naval tactics. By the arrangement of his fleet, the French Admiral d'Estaing was greatly discomfited. Earl Howe prevented him from making any impression on his line. This must have commanded even the enemy's admiration.

Previous to this, he was determined on his resignation, occasioned by neglect and ill treatment. But he deferred it, being averse to relinquish a command when a superior enemy was expected.

On his return to England, he demanded in the House of Commons that a scrutiny into his conduct might be instituted.

instituted. To which demand the only reply made was, "No person accuses you, my Lord." His consciousness however of ill treatment was so deeply rooted, that he resolved never to serve again while the same First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Sandwich) presided at the Board. Till the ministry therefore were changed in 1782, he remained out of employment. Then he was again appointed to the command of a Squadron with which he gallantly relieved the fortress of Gibraltar, at that time assailed by the united powers of France and Spain. His fleet was inferior in point of number to that of the enemy. But this deficiency was more than supplied by his superior talents. For his conduct in this arduous undertaking he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and continued to command, with his accustomed energy, the Channel Fleet, until the arrival of the peace.

In the year 1788, he was constituted *First Lord of the Admiralty*, a situation for which his extensive experience had well qualified him. It affords an exquisite satisfaction to behold elevated stations thus ably filled. To tried abilities we look up with a steadier eye, and the injunctions of acknowledged discernment are obeyed with an additional alacrity. However, *Earl Howe* did not long retain this post, for which he appears to have been in every respect capacitated. For reasons, best known to himself, he soon resigned it. Soon after he became an *Earl of Great Britain*. How worthy he was of this advancement is evident from the preceding narrative. A life spent in the service of one's country, is deserving of the honours which she has in reserve for the meritorious subject. This just distribution of dignity merits the warmest praise. It incites in others a spirit of emulation, and to the hardy veteran proves a satisfactory reward.

We must now draw towards the conclusion of this great man's life, by recording the memorable *First of June 1794*, when he obtained a most illustrious victory
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over the enemies of Britain. The name of HOWE, on this occasion, will be indelibly impressed on the hearts of his countrymen. To him are we indebted for repressing the insolence of an audacious foe. By him were achieved on that day triumphs which are the boast and pride of Britons.

A victory so fresh in all our memories, need not be minutely detailed. It may be proper, however, to communicate to our Readers the *official* account which was published by Government. The pen of this illustrious Commander well describes what his valour had effected. The language in which his narration is couched, is easy and impressive. The manner also in which he relates his achievement shews how nearly modesty and merit are allied. It reminds us of the *Commentaries* of Cæsar, a work which has been justly extolled for its perspicuity and elegance.

Admiralty-Office, June 10.

Sir Roger Curtis, First Captain to the Admiral Earl Howe, arrived this evening with a dispatch from his Lordship to Mr. Stephens, of which the following is a copy :

“ *Queen Charlotte at Sea, June 2, 1794,*
Ushant E. Half N. 140 Leagues.

“ Thinking it may not be necessary to make a more particular report of my proceedings with the fleet, for the present information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I confine my communications chiefly, in this dispatch, to the occurrences when in presence of the enemy yesterday.

“ Finding, on my return off Brest on the 19th past, that the French fleet had, a few days before, put to sea; and receiving, on the same evening, advices from Rear-Admiral Montagu, I deemed it requisite to endeavour to form a junction with the Rear Admiral as soon as possible, and proceeded immediately for the station on which he meant to wait the return of the Venus.

“ But, having gained very credible intelligence, on the 21st of the same month, whereby I had reason to suppose

suppose the French fleet was then but a few leagues farther to the westward, the course before steered was altered accordingly.

“ On the morning of the 28th the enemy were discovered far to windward, and partial actions were engaged with them that evening and the next day.

“ The weather-gage having been obtained, in the progress of the last-mentioned day, and the fleet being in a situation for bringing the enemy to close action the 1st instant, the ships bore up together for that purpose, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

“ The French, their force consisting of twenty-six ships of the line, opposed to his Majesty's fleet of twenty-five (the Audacious having parted company with the sternmost ship of the enemy's line, captured in the night of the 28th) waited for the action, and sustained the attack with their customary resolution.

“ In less than an hour after the close action commenced in the centre, the French Admiral, engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off, and was followed by most of the ships of his van, in condition to carry sail, after him, leaving with us about ten or twelve of his crippled or totally dismasted ships, exclusive of one sunk in the engagement. The Queen Charlotte had then lost her fore top-mast, and the main top-mast fell over the side very soon after.

“ The greater number of the other ships of the British fleet were, at this time, so much disabled or widely separated, and under such circumstances with respect to those ships of the enemy in a state for action, and with which the firing was still continued, that two or three, even of their dismantled ships, attempting to get away under a spritsail singly, or smaller sail raised on the stump of the foremast, could not be detained.

“ Seven remained in our possession, one of which, however, sunk before the adequate assistance could be given to her crew; but many were saved.

“ The Brunswick, having lost her mizen-mast in the action,

action, and drifted to leeward of the French retreating ships, was obliged to put away large to the northward from them. Not seeing her chased by the enemy, in that predicament, I flatter myself she may arrive in safety at Plymouth. All the other twenty-four ships of his Majesty's fleet re-assembled later in the day; and I am preparing to return with them, as soon as the captured ships of the enemy are secured, for Spithead.

"The material injury to his Majesty's ships, I understand, is confined principally to their masts and yards, which I conclude will be speedily re-placed.

"I have not been yet able to collect regular accounts of the killed and wounded in the different ships. Captain Montagu is the only Officer of his rank who fell in the action. The numbers of both descriptions I hope will prove small, the nature of the service considered; but I have the concern of having to add, on the same subject, that Admiral Graves has received a wound in the arm, and that Rear-Admirals Bowyer and Pasley, and Captain Hutt, of the Queen, have each had a leg taken off; they are, however (I have the satisfaction to hear), in a favourable state under those misfortunes. In the captured ships, the numbers of killed and wounded appear to be very considerable.

"Though I shall have, on the subject of these different actions with the enemy, distinguished examples hereafter to report, I presume the determined bravery of the several ranks of Officers and the ships companies employed under my authority, will have been already sufficiently denoted by the effect of their spirited exertions; and, I trust, I shall be excused for postponing the more detailed narrative of the other transactions of the fleet thereon, for being communicated at a future opportunity; more especially as my first Captain, Sir Roger Curtis, who is charged with this dispatch, will be able to give the farther information the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty may at this time require. It is incumbent on me, nevertheless, now to add, that I
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am greatly indebted to him for his counsels as well as conduct in every branch of my official duties : and I have similar assistance, in the late occurrences, to acknowledge of my second Captain, Sir Andrew Douglas.

“ I am, with great consideration,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obedient servant,

“ HOWE.

“ P. S. The names and force of the captured French ships with the fleet, is transmitted herewith.”

List of the French ships captured on the 1st Day of June 1794.

La Juste - -	80 guns.	Northumberland	74 guns.
Sans Pareille -	80	L'Impetueux	74
L'America -	74	Vengeur - -	74 sunk
L' Achille -	74		

almost immediately upon being taken possession of.

N. B. The ship stated to have been captured on the evening of the 28th of last month, is said by the prisoners to be the Revolutionaire of 120 guns.

Admiralty-Office, June 21.

A Letter, of which the following is a copy, from the Admiral Earl Howe to Mr. Stephens, supplementary to his Lordship's Letter of the 2d instant, published in the London Gazette Extraordinary of the 11th was received late last night.

“ In the Extract of the journal herewith enclosed, the proceedings of the fleet are stated from the time of leaving St. Helen's on the 2d of last month to that of the first discovery of the French fleet on the 28th of the same. For the farther information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, I have now therefore to relate the subsequent transactions not already communicated in my dispatch of the 2d instant, to be delivered by my first Captain, Sir Roger Curtis.

“ Early in the morning of the 28th, the enemy were discovered by the advanced frigates, far distant on the weather

weather-bow. The wind then fresh from the South by West with a very rough sea.

" They came down, for some time, in a loose order, seeming unapprized that they had the British fleet in view. After hauling to the wind when they came nearer, they were some hours before they could completely form in regular order of battle upon the starboard tack; the British fleet continuing as before in the order of sailing.

" The time required for the enemy to perfect their disposition, had facilitated the nearer approach of his Majesty's fleet to them, and for the separately-appointed and detached part of it, commanded by Rear-Admiral Pasley, to be placed more advantageously for making an impression on their rear.

" The signals denoting that intention being made, the Rear-Admiral, near upon the close of day, led his division on with peculiar firmness, and attacked a three-decked ship (the *Revolutionaire*) the sternmost in the enemy's line.

" Making known soon after that he had a top-mast disabled, assistance was directed to be given to him in that situation. The quick approach of night only allowed me to observe, that Lord Hugh Seymour (*Conway*) in the *Leviathan*, with equal good judgment and determined courage, pushed up along-side of the three-decked French ship, and was supported, as it appeared, by Captain Parker of the *Audacious*, in the most spirited manner.

" The darkness which now prevailed did not admit of my making any more accurate observations on the conduct of those ships and others concerned in the same service; but I have since learnt that the *Leviathan* stretched on farther a-head, for bringing the second ship from the enemy's rear to action, as soon as her former station could be occupied by a succeeding British ship; also that the three-decked ship in the enemy's rear as aforesaid, being unsustained by the other ships, struck

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to the Audacious, and that they parted company together soon after.

“ The two opponent fleets continued on the starboard tack, in a parallel direction, the enemy still to windward the remainder of the night. The British fleet appearing in the morning of the 29th, when in order of battle, to be far enough advanced for the ships in the van to make some farther impression on the enemy's rear, was tacked in succession with that intent.

“ The enemy wore hereupon from van to rear, and continued edging down in line a-head to engage the van of the British fleet; when arrived at such distance as to be just able to reach our most advanced ships, their headmost ships, as they came successively into the wake of their respective seconds a-head, opened with that distant fire upon the headmost ships of the British van. The signal for passing through their line, made when the fleet tacked before, was then renewed.

“ It could not be for some time seen, through the fire from the two fleets in the van, to what extent the signal was complied with. But as the smoke at intervals dispersed, it was observed that the Cæsar, the leading ship of the British van, after being about on the starboard tack, and come abreast of the Queen Charlotte, had not kept to the wind; and that the appointed movement would consequently be liable to fail of the purposed effect.

“ The Queen Charlotte was therefore immediately tacked; and, followed by the Bellerophon, her second astern, (and soon after joined by the Leviathan) passed through in action, between the 5th and 6th ships in the rear of the enemy's line. She was put about again on the larboard tack forthwith, after the enemy, in preparation for renewing the action with the advantage of that weathermost situation.

“ The rest of the British fleet being at this time passing to Leeward, and without the sternmost ships, mostly of the French line, the enemy wore again to the East-

Eastward in succession for succouring the disabled ships of their rear; which intention, by reason of the then disunited state of the fleet, and having no more than the two crippled ships, the *Bellerophon* and *Leviathan*, at that time near me, I was unable to obstruct.

"The enemy having succeeded in that operation, wore round again, after some distant cannonading of the nearest British ships, occasionally returned, and stood away in order of battle on the larboard tack, followed by the British fleet in the same order (but with the weather-gage retained) as soon as the ships coming forward to close with the *Queen Charlotte* were suitably arranged.

"The fleets remained separated some few miles, in view at times on the intermission of a thick fog, which lasted most part of the two next days.

"The Commander of a fleet, their Lordships know, is unavoidably so confined in his view of the occurrences in time of battle, as to be little capable of rendering personal testimony to the meritorious services of officers who have profited, in a greater extent, by the opportunities to distinguish themselves on such occasions.

"To discharge this part of my publick duty, reports were called for from the flag officers of the fleet, for supplying the defects of my observance, under the limited circumstances above-mentioned. Those officers, therefore, who have such particular claim to my attention, are the Admirals Graves and Sir Alexander Hood; the Rear-Admirals Bowyer, Gardner, and Pasley; the Captains Lord Hugh Seymour, Pakenham, Berkeley, Gambier, John Harvey, Payne, Parker, Henry Harvey, Pringle, Duckworth, and Elphinstone. Special notice is also due to the Captains Nicholls of the *Sovereign*, and Hope of the *Bellerophon*, who became charged with, and well conducted those ships, when the wounded flag officers, under whom they respectively served therein, were no longer able to remain at their posts; and the Lieutenants Monckton, of the *Marlborough*,

borough, and Donnelly, of the Montagu, in similar situations. These selections, however, should not be construed to the disadvantage of other Commanders, who may have been equally deserving of the approbation of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; although I am not enabled to make a particular statement of their merits.

“ To the reports from the flag officers are added those required from the several Captains of the fleet; whereby their Lordships will become more particularly acquainted with the meritorious services of the several Commanders, and animated intrepidity of their subordinate officers and ships companies; to which the defeat of the enemy, with every advantage of situation and circumstance in their favour, is truly to be ascribed. To the like purport, I beg my testimony in behalf of the officers and company of every description in the Queen Charlotte may be accepted.”

On this striking detail we make no comment. It speaks for itself. Every Briton understands and feels its contents:—

Behold her vet'ran chief! victorious HOWE!
The faded laurel tear from Gallia's brow;
On her own shores o'erthrown her naval pride,
Her captur'd ships in Britain's harbours ride,

PYE.

Of *Earl Howe's* character in private life, some short account will be expected. He married Mary, daughter of Major Hartop, of Welby, in Leicestershire, by whom he has three daughters, Sophia-Charlotte, Mary, and Louisa. His domestic virtues, we understand, are not inferior to his public merits. Easy and accessible, he is disposed to promote the happiness of those by whom he is surrounded. Such a disposition cannot be too much praised. Too often are external authority and self-government at variance with each other. But when united, they cannot fail of commanding admiration. It

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is this union of talents and of virtues that constitutes the great man. To such characters should be paid the deserved tribute of applause, and to record their merits in this *periodical Publication*, shall be our constant ambition.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XVI.]

ON GENIUS.

“ True genius is but rare”

POPE.

GENIUS is that divine power of the mind to which mankind have in all ages, and in all nations, rendered their willing homage. Under whatever character it makes its appearance, it excites particular attention. We gaze at its creative energies, and contemplate its effusions with a more than ordinary delight. This is a fact so well established, that by no one will it be seriously questioned.

But a *reflecting* mind will pause and ask itself, what is this power of the intellect which thus challenges universal admiration? The question is important, and worthy of assiduous enquiry. Let us examine it.

Many definitions of Genius have been offered to the Public, and have received discussion. Perhaps the most unexceptionable is the following:—Genius, in the learned world, is that power of the human mind by which literary beauties are generated. This definition is not given merely as the writer's own private opinion, but rather as the result of the different accounts which have been communicated in various publications. Dr. Alexander Gerard, of Aberdeen, wrote an admirable treatise on this subject, and, as far as I recollect, he inclines to the definition now offered to the Reader. Be that as it may, I shall endeavour to shew the truth of what is here advanced respecting it.

To confirm the justice of the definition, I will not revert to the *origin* of the term, which is certainly in my favour. Its etymology is clearly indicative of its creative energy. But let us refer to what are usually termed works of Genius. What are these, but generally speaking, works of imagination? The Writer, spurning at the narrow boundaries of time and space, launches forth into themes which excite our admiration, and overwhelm us with astonishment. This was particularly the case with Milton and Shakespeare. Hence Johnson's delineation of Shakespeare's talents in the following lines, turns expressly on this point, and is confessed to be the most striking lines produced by that great Biographer, who was intimately acquainted with human nature.

When Learning's triumph o'er barbarous foes,
First rear'd the stage immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding Truth confess,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Milton also deals much in the sublime, and the most energetic parts of his poem are those where he expatiates in the regions of fancy. Even his *devils* are grand, and command a certain awful admiration. Let any person take up *Paradise Lost*, and peruse the first books of that immortal work, he will feel the truth of these remarks. Genius in its highest sense is this productive power, for it generates beauties of the most exalted kind. Its coruscations flash upon the reader with an astonishing effect. We are amazed and confounded at its exertions. In this high class indeed few writers can be ranked. It requires very extraordinary talents, such as seldom meet in more than one man in the course of a century.

But we must recollect that Genius must not be confined to these superior efforts. It has its degrees, like every thing else, in the wise economy of nature. We
talk

talk of a genius for poetry—for war—for politics, or for any mechanical employment. The word possesses an extensive signification, and may therefore be applied to almost every thing. We however remark, that Genius is necessary to distinguish a man, whatever line of life he follows, provided it has a connection with the operations of the intellect. In the learned world we frequently meet with productions that have *something* of this divine power to recommend them. Poor, indeed, must be the performance which is wholly destitute of it! Yet truth obliges us to confess, that such productions are obtruded on the public notice, but on their very appearance are justly consigned to oblivion. In the *Adventurer*, written by Dr. Hawkesworth, will be found an entertaining paper, where even the several works of the men of genius are tried by a fiery ordeal, and the most serious consequences ensued. Many parts of these celebrated writers became expunged, those portions of them which were deemed unworthy of their talents, no longer remained. Every thing which might be denominated unjust, obscene, trifling, was banished. The efforts of intellects were purified from their dross. Thus remarks its ingenious author—"It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but GENIUS, SENSE, and TRUTH!"

Let not men, however, of ordinary genius, throw their pens aside, and abandon themselves to despair. There is an ordinary class of readers who may be pleased with their productions. For taste, as well as genius, exists in endless varieties. At the same time, every one should exert himself to the utmost for the improvement of those talents with which heaven has endowed him. Genius, though not to be conferred by any human being, yet may be wonderfully enlarged and strengthened. There are instances, on record, where the slenderest sparks have been, by assiduous attention, blown up into a flame.

flame. There is indeed scarcely any faculty of the soul more capable of improvement. Hence the utility of a good education, nor can the mind be too early inured to habits of composition. Prose and Poetry afford an ample field for the inventive power of man. The writers who amongst us Britons have most excelled in these departments are well known. Let their effusions be carefully studied. Thus will a portion of their spirit be imbibed, and a commendable imitation of their excellencies generated.

Permit me, here, to recommend to young Writers a topic of advice which cannot fail to be of service to them. It is this—that in their aspiration after literary excellence, it should be confined chiefly to one particular department. The ambition of youth is oftentimes flaming and indiscriminate. It hurries from object to object, with an astonishing celerity. It never suffers itself duly to consider the qualities of the subject to be investigated.—Glancing at every thing, it gives not time thoroughly to scrutinize any thing. How is it possible that such an individual can excel in the departments of literature!

It must nevertheless be confessed that characters have appeared in the learned world possessing a genius of a most extensive nature. Of this fact *Voltaire* is a striking instance, though it has been remarked, that it would have been better had he written less, and with greater accuracy. The French genius is in general distinguished for its fertility, but in solidity is deemed inferior to many of the productions of Britain. At the same time we would repeat our advice to young Writers—Confine yourselves chiefly to one particular department. Think not to grasp every thing before your ability can ensure your success. Consult the dictates of your minds, and ascertain the objects to which you are most favourably inclined. Exercise your genius, but be cautious not to overstrain it. Thus will you do justice to your talents, and become valuable members of the Republic of Letters. Attend to the words of the judi-

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cious Dr. Hugh Blair, taken from his Lectures on Rhetoric, the frequent perusal of which I would recommend to every individual attempting composition:—

“A sort of *universal genius*, or one who is equally and indifferently turned towards several different professions and arts, is not likely to excel in any. Although there may be some few exceptions, yet in general it holds that when the bent of the mind is wholly directed towards some one object, exclusive in a manner of others, there is the fairest prospect of eminence in that whatever it be. The rays must converge to a point in order to glow intensely. This remark I here chuse to make, on account of its great importance to young people, in leading them to examine with care, and to pursue with ardour, the current and pointing of nature towards those exertions of *genius* in which they are most likely to excel.”

These cursory observations on Genius are intended to excite attention to an important subject. In this scribbling age almost every individual aspires to the character of an author. But let it be seriously considered, that an union of genius and taste is necessary in order to instruct and entertain mankind. A person conscious of this truth will not hastily expose his crude effusions to the public eye. When he appears in print he will put on his best array, and having done his *utmost*, will, with calmness and dignity, await the sentence of that respectable tribunal before which he has presumed to appear*.

* *Taste* will be the subject of the REFLECTOR in our next Number.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING

ACCOUNT OF A FEMALE INDIAN.

FROM A JOURNEY AT HUDSON'S BAY, FROM 1769,
TO 1772.

BY SAMUEL HEARNE.

“ON the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow-shoe, which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents. On examination, she proved to be one of the Western Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Whapuscow Indians in the summer of the year 1770; and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and haying, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turnings and windings of the rivers and lakes were so numerous, that she forgot the tract; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall. From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered; and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the *finest women*, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America. The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admir-

admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention. When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her clothing, she had nothing to supply their place but sinews of the rabbits legs and feet, these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm clothing for the winter. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence, but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, shewed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though rather romantic appearance. Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she intended to make a fishing-net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dog-ribbed Indians make their fishing nets; and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians. Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and the shank of an arrow head of iron, which served her as an awl, were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles. Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones, these, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to
some

some touchwood ; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction, in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other civilized nations, because if she had, the above-mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

“ The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife, and the poor girl was actually won and lost, at wrestling, by near half a score different men the same evening. My guide, Mattonabee, who at that time had no less than seven wives, all women grown, besides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by telling him that he had already more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of satire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl who dared to make so open a declaration ; for the great man, Mattonabee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every respect, took it as such an affront, that he fell on her with both hands and feet, and bruised her to such a degree, that, after lingering some time, she died. When the Whapuscow Indians took the above Dog-ribbed Indian woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of these savages, surprised her and her party in the night, and killed every soul in the tent except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed, were her father, mother, and husband. Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of cloathing, and took with her undiscovered in the night ; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives, (which was not far distant) they began to examine her bundle, and finding the child, one of the women

men took it from her and killed it on the spot. This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was, she said, remarkable kind to and even fond of her, so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe, that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant. The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party."

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XVIII.]

LORD ORFORD'S DETACHED THOUGHTS.

IT is said that Congreve had too much wit in his comedies. It is pity that no comic author has had the same fault.

A GOTHIC cathedral strikes one like the enthusiasm of poetry; St. Paul's cathedral like the good sense of prose.

I WOULD never dispute about any thing but at law, for there one has as much chance as another of getting the better without reason.

A DEAD language is the only one that lives long, and it is unlike the dead, for by being dead it avoids corruption.

OF all the virtues, gratitude has the shortest memory.

THERE are play-things for all ages, the play-thing of old people is to talk of the play-things of youth.

MAN is an voracious animal.

THIS

THIS world is a comedy to those who think ; a tragedy to those who feel.

OUR passions and our understandings agree so ill, that they resemble a French man of quality, and his wife, who, though they live in the same house together, have separate apartments, separate beds, and go different ways, are seldom together, but are very civil to each other before company ; and then the passions, like the lady, affect to have great deference for their husband's understanding.

IT is idle to attempt to talk a young woman in love out of her passion : love does not lie in the ear.

PERSONS extremely reserved, are like old enamelled watches which had painted covers, that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

MANY new pieces please on first reading, if they have more novelty than merit. The second time they do not please, for surprise has no *second* part.

IN former ages men were afraid of nothing but cowardice. Even riches, which now make men so fond of life, and consequently so timid, then made men brave ; for every body was forced to defend his own property, or the stronger would have invaded it.

JOHN HENDERSON, A. B.

THIS wonderful genius was born near Limerick, in Ireland, 1757, and died in 1783, at Oxford. He was buried in St. George's church, Kippiswood, near Bristol. It is said of him, that " His very infancy denoted something extraordinary and great. He was born, as it were, a thinking being, and was never known to cry or to express any infantine peevishness. Those years which are spent in weakness, ignorance, and the misconceptions of the grossest senses, were marked by him with strong intelligence. The questions he asked,

as soon as he was able to speak, astonished all who heard him, and shewed that he came into the world rather to teach others than to be taught by them."

Self-knowledge enabled him wonderfully to penetrate into the characters and motives of others. The face—the voice, and the air, disclosed the moving principle within. And it is much to be questioned whether he was ever deceived in the judgment he formed of others.

Physiognomy (said Mr. Henderson) may increase a man's knowledge, but not his happiness. The physiognomy first discovers the evil in another and afterwards the good. But the man unskilled in the science, first discovers the good which pleases him, afterwards the evil which disgusts him.

With almost every science he was acquainted, yet was only *thirty years* of age when he died. The pious and the wise observed with delight his continued sense of the divine presence; his implicit confidence in an over-ruling Providence, and his belief in an invisible world. Whenever he mentioned the name of the Majesty of Heaven, like the pious Boyle, and the reasoning Clarke, he observed a solemn pause, as conscious in whose presence he stood. His dress appeared very whimsical. To fashion he paid not the smallest deference. His outward garments were preposterously large. His shirt collar had only one button, and he never wore a stock or cravat, but sometimes tied round his neck a black ribbon like a school-boy. His shoe-buckles were as small as those worn at the knees. To hair-dressing he was a great enemy, and could never endure the application of curling irons, or the use of powder, which he called *white dust*. He was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow student, who not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped himself, and coolly said, "*That, Sir, was a digression, now for the argument.*"

VOL. IV.

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His

His Biographer remarks, that the early genius of John Henderson rivalled the exertions of mankind, that his failings were few, his virtues splendid, that his talents were extraordinary, and his attainments incredible, and that though he endeavoured to secrete himself from the world, yet he attained a celebrity in his life, and honour at his death.

HONESTY AND GENEROSITY.

A POOR man, who was door-keeper to a house in Milan, found a purse which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had lost it, informed by a public advertisement, came to the house, and giving sufficient proof that the purse belonged to him, the door-keeper restored it. Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns, which he absolutely refused. Ten were then proposed, and afterwards five; but the door-keeper still continuing inexorable, the man threw his purse upon the ground, and in an angry tone, cried, "I have lost nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of a gratuity." The door-keeper then consented to receive five crowns, which he immediately distributed amongst the poor.

PASSION.

Two Gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very cholerick, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment by kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "*Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two.*"

DR. JOHNSON'S MARRIAGE.

THE following curious account of his journey with his wife to church, on the nuptial morn, was given to Mr.

Mr B—, by the Doctor himself :—" Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastic notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me ; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, as I was sure she could not miss me, and I contrived so that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears."

MEDITATIONS ON A PUDDING, BY DR. JOHNSON,
IN PLAYFUL FANCY.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank of the dews of the morning ; of milk, pressed from the swelling udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught, who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of her fellow creatures. Milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal, that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age which the poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation ; an egg contains matter within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers. Let us consider, can there be more wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding ! if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from petrification ;

trefaction ; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

FIDDLING.

A GENTLEMAN one day came in upon his nephew, who was amusing himself with his violin, "I am afraid, Charles," says he, "you *lose time* with this fiddling." "I endeavour, Sir, *to keep time*." "Don't you rather *kill time*?" "No, I only *beat it*."

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

AN house, not an hundred miles from Fleet market, in possession of an Undertaker, being lately advertised to be disposed of, the following label was fixed on a *Co^{on}* before the door:—" *This tenement to be let for a lease of three lives.*"

CHINESE.

THE Chinese have little or no taste, but in imitation they stand unrivalled. A gentleman wishing to have a silk coat made in that country, sent out, as a pattern, an old coat, which unfortunately had a patch on one elbow. The silk coat was made an exact counterpart of that sent—*not forgetting the patch.*

CYRUS.

CYRUS, when a youth, being at the court with his grandfather, Astyages, undertook one day to be the cup-bearer at table. It was the duty of this officer to taste the liquor before it was presented to the king. Cyrus, without performing this ceremony, delivered the cup in a very graceful manner to his grandfather. The king reminded him of his omission, which he imputed to forgetfulness. "No," replied Cyrus, "I was afraid to taste, because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor: for not long since, at an entertainment which you gave, I observed that the lords of your court, after drinking of it, became noisy, quarrelsome, and
frantic;

frantic; even you, sir, seemed to have forgotten you were a king."

ALEXANDER.

ALEXANDER demanded of a *pirate*, whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? "By the same right," replied he, boldly, "that you enslave the world. But I am called a *robber*, because I have only *one small vessel*, and you are stiled a CONQUEROR, because you command *great fleets and armies*."

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES V.

WHEN Charles the Fifth had resigned the sceptre of Spain, and the imperial crown of Germany, he retired to the monastery of St. Justus, near the city of Placentia, in Estremadura. It was situated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Here he cultivated with his own hands the plants in his garden, and sometimes he rode out to a neighbouring wood on a little horse, attended only by a single servant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, and deprived him of these more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen who resided near the monastery to visit him, and entertained them familiarly at his own table; or he employed himself in studying mechanical principles, and in forming works of mechanism, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. He was extremely curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches, and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go *exactly alike*, he reflected with a mixture of surprise, as well as regret, on his own folly (as he might also on his own cruelty and injustice) in having exerted himself with so much zeal and perseverance in the

more vain attempt of bringing mankind to an uniformity of sentiment concerning the doctrines of religion. Happy would it have been for Europe if this just and striking analogy had occurred to the monarch during the plenitude of his power! And happy might it now prove, if allowed to operate, against the spirit of bigotry and persecution, which still actuates many individuals, and even large communities.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

VOLTAIRE tells us, that several gentlemen in the company of Lord Bolingbroke, were speaking of the Duke of Marlborough's *avarice*, and they appealed to his Lordship for the truth of the instances which they produced:—"He was so great a man," replied Lord Bolingbroke, "that I have forgotten his vices." A truly generous answer for a political enemy to make! The Duke and Lord Bolingbroke were of opposite parties.

ADDISON.

ADDISON applies the following story to those critics who are more attentive to the faults, than to the beauties of *Paradise Lost*.—A famous critic having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he set before him a sack of wheat, as it had been just threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aside by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with *great industry and pleasure*, and after having made the due separation, was presented by Apollo with the *chaff* for his pains.

SUETONIUS

Relates that a young officer, to whom Vespasian had given a commission, *perumed* himself when he went to court

court to thank the Emperor for the honour conferred upon him. "*I should have been less offended if you had smelled of garlic,*" said Vespasian; who was so disgusted with his foppery, that he immediately dismissed him from his employment.

CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

DR. ADAM SMITH,

THE CELEBRATED AUTHOR OF "THE WEALTH OF NATIONS."

BY DUGALD STEWART, F. R. S. E.

OF the intellectual gifts and attainments by which he was so eminently distinguished; of the originality and comprehensiveness of his views; the extent, the variety, and the correctness of his information; the inexhaustible fertility of his invention; and the ornaments which his rich and beautiful imagination had borrowed from classical culture; he has left behind him lasting monuments. To his private worth, the most certain of all testimonies, may be found in that confidence, respect, and attachment which followed him through all the various relations of life. The serenity and gaiety he enjoyed under the pressure of his growing infirmities, and the warm interest he felt to the last in every thing connected with the welfare of his friends, will be long remembered by a small circle with whom, as long as his strength permitted, he regularly spent an evening in the week, and to whom the recollection of his worth still forms a pleasing though melancholy bond of union.

The more delicate and characteristical features of his mind it is perhaps impossible to trace. That there were many peculiarities, both in his manners and in his intellectual habits, was manifest to the most superficial observer.

observer. But although to those who knew him, these peculiarities detracted nothing from the respect which his abilities commanded, and although to his intimate friends they added an inexpressible charm to his conversation, while they displayed in the most interesting light the artless simplicity of his heart; yet it would require a very skilful pencil to present them to the public eye. He was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the business of active life. The comprehensive speculations with which he had been occupied from his youth, and the variety of materials which his own invention continually supplied to his thoughts, rendered him habitually inattentive to familiar objects, and to common occurrences, and he frequently exhibited instances of absence which have scarcely been surpassed by the fancies of La Bruyer. Even in company he was apt to be engrossed with his studies, and appeared at times by the motion of his lips, as well as by his looks and gestures, to be in the fervour of composition. I have often, however, been struck at the distance of years with his accurate memory of the most trifling particulars; and am inclined to believe from this, and some other circumstances, that he possessed a power not perhaps uncommon among absent men, of recollecting in consequence of subsequent efforts of reflection, many occurrences, which at the time when they happened, did not seem to have sensibly attracted his notice.

To the defect now mentioned, it was probably owing in part, that he did not fall in easily with the common dialogue of conversation, and that he was somewhat apt to convey his own ideas in the form of a lecture. When he did so, however, it never proceeded from a wish to engross the discourse, or to gratify his vanity. His own inclination disposed him so strongly to enjoy in silence the gaiety of those around him, that his friends were often led to concert little schemes in order to bring on the subject most likely to interest him. Nor do I think I shall be accused of going too far, when

I say

I say that he was scarcely ever known to start a new topic himself, or to appear unprepared upon those topics that were introduced by others. Indeed his conversation was never more amusing than when he gave a loose to his genius upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines.

The opinions he formed of men, upon a slight acquaintance, were frequently erroneous; but the tendency of his nature inclined him much more to blind partiality than to ill-founded prejudice. The enlarged views of human affairs on which his mind habitually dwelt, left him neither time nor inclination to study in detail the uninteresting peculiarities of ordinary characters; and accordingly though intimately acquainted with the capacities of the intellect and the workings of the heart, and accustomed in the theories to mark with the most delicate hand the nicest shades both of genius and of the passions; yet in judging of individuals, it sometimes happened that his estimates were in a surprising degree wide of the truth.

The opinions too, which in the thoughtlessness and confidence of his social hours, he was accustomed to hazard on books and on questions of speculation, were not uniformly such as might have been expected from the superiority of his understanding, and the singular consistency of his philosophical principles. They were liable to be influenced by accidental circumstances, and by the humour of the moment; and when retailed by those who only saw him occasionally, suggested false and contradictory ideas of his real sentiments. On these, however, as on most other occasions, there was always much truth, as well as ingenuity, in his remarks; and if the different opinions, which at different times he pronounced upon the same subject, have been all combined together, so as to modify and limit each other, they would probably have afforded materials for a decision equally comprehensive and just. But in the society of his friends, he had no disposition to form those qualified

lified conclusions that we admire in his writings, and he generally contented himself with a bold and masterly sketch of the object from the first point of view in which his temper or his fancy presented it. Something of the same kind might be remarked, when he attempted, in the flow of his spirits, to delineate those characters which from long intimacy he might have been supposed to understand thoroughly. The picture was always lively and expressive, and commonly a strong and amusing resemblance to the original, when viewed under one particular aspect; but seldom, perhaps, conveyed a just and complete conception of it in all its dimensions and proportions.—In a word, it was the fault of his unpremeditated judgments to be too systematical, and too much in extremes.

But in whatever way these *trifling peculiarities* in his manners may be explained, there can be no doubt that they were intimately connected with the *genuine artlessness* of his mind. In this amiable quality he often recalled to his friends the accounts that are given of good *La Fontaine*, a quality which in him derived a peculiar grace, from the singularity of its combination with those powers of reason and of eloquence, which in his political and moral writings have long engaged the admiration of all Europe.

A JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

(Concluded from page 29.)

WE had spent so much time at the gaming-table that it was now morning; and after wandering about for a considerable time, admiring the elegance and extent of the capital, "This day," said the genius, "is the day appointed for the performance of public worship by the Ibolans; we will enter the church which is now before us." This we did; the prayers were ended, and the minister was beginning his discourse.

course. He delivered it from a little book, to which, like a child who had forgot his lesson, he was every instant under the necessity of recurring; the precepts were as excellent as his cold unanimated manner was disgusting; the auditors seemed to possess all the apathy of their teacher—many were sleeping, and the rest were busily employed either in admiring their own drefs, or in gazing upon those around them: the discourse was finished in a very short time, and the people displayed as much alacrity in quitting the church, as they had shewn indifference to what they had heard within it.—“We surely have been mistaken,” said I to my conductor, when we were extricated from the crowd; “this cannot be one of the places of worship which the Ibolans frequent from principle? neither the minister nor his auditors seem to have the smallest belief in the sublime and inspiring truths which we have just heard; I should rather suppose that they were compelled to attend, and that they wished to revenge themselves by their contemptuous treatment of a doctrine which they disapprove.”—“You are in an error,” replied the genius with a smile, “but it is an error which I am not surpris’d at your falling into; yet these people came by choice, and they would be very much enraged at any person who should presume to doubt the sincerity of their religious professions: their pastor receives an almost princely stipend for the performance of his duty; but it is but seldom that he gratifies his flock by his appearance; he goes through his task by means of a deputy, to whom he scarcely allows sufficient to keep his soul united to his body: the discourse which he read was not composed by himself; that would have been too painful a drudgery; and, to obviate this inconvenience, he purchases a number of them from a person who manufactures them for the idle and unlearned of the profession. Are we to wonder that his auditors were so inattentive, when he himself appeared so little inspired in the inculcating and defending a system of religion

religion which, if practised in its native purity, might enable even mortality to perform actions almost angelic: but think not that all who profess this faith are like the one we have just seen, far from it; there are many among them whose faith, meekness, and charity, are undenied, and whose lives are truly illustrations of the beauty and sublimity of the precepts which they are appointed to explain and defend."

We passed the evening in the company of several very elegant persons of both sexes: I expected to have found in their conversation knowledge devoid of pedantry, and wit uncontaminated by grossness; but I looked for these qualities in vain: the beauties of some favourite animal, the decision of some large bet, and other matters of almost equal importance, engaged the attention of the gentlemen: the ladies were as fully employed in descanting upon the merits of a new dress, in ascertaining the most elegant cut for a bonnet, or in demolishing the reputations of those who presumed to rival them in beauty or splendour. We were told in confidence by one, that there would soon be a *fracas* between the Countess of Z. and her husband; for that Lord K. had been seen to visit the Countess at a very late hour, unknown to her husband. Another desired us not to pay the least attention to the intelligence we had just received, for, to her knowledge, it had no basis but the envy of its author, who was herself passionately fond of Lord K. and therefore detested the Countess of Z. A third informed us, that the two ladies who had just conversed with us, were deemed great beauties, but, that for her part, she had the greatest contempt imaginable for the taste of the world; and, in spite of all the praises lavished upon them, thought them two of the most odious creatures she had ever beheld. I should have been surprised at the extreme communicativeness of the assembly, had I not known the supernatural powers of my conductor. I soon found that the personages present were unanimous only in one point, which

which was in their hatred of some absent person, who seemed to be set up as the mark for every one to empty the quiver of his malignity upon.—Fatigued and disappointed, we retired, after a very late supper. “Good heavens!” exclaimed I as we departed, “is this the sense, the brilliancy, and the elegance of the Ibolans?—I have listened with the utmost attention all night, and have not heard one observation worthy of remembrance. Frivolity and slander seem to be their favourite deities: I am very much afraid that the Ibolans know nothing more of wit than the name.”—“You are mistaken,” replied my genius; “they have some of the most splendid wits that ever existed.”—“I should be very happy to see them,” rejoined I; “but I suppose, to prevent their becoming common, they are only shewn like relics at stated times: it may very probably proceed from my extreme dullness, but I have hitherto been unable to discover among them any indications of true and brilliant wit.”

Silence had now taken possession of the streets.—“Do you observe those old and feeble men fast asleep in their boxes?” asked my conductor as we passed by several of them stationed at intervals—“they are the guardians of the night; to their care the lives and properties of the good people of this metropolis are at this hour confided; you see how well they perform their office.” One of them, rubbing his eyes, now staggered into the street, and in a deep hollow tone that might have scared a Sampson, (had he been unacquainted with the quarter from whence it proceeded,) called “past two o’clock.”—“You see too, how accurate he is,” continued my guide; “it is now past four o’clock, but he calls the hour in which he went to sleep: are not these admirable fellows to watch over the safety of their slumbering fellow-citizens?” The genius had scarcely finished his speech, when a man with his dress in the utmost disorder, his hair loose to the wind, and a large

club in his hand, staggered round the corner of a street just before us. I started at his uncouth figure—

“Stand by, and let him pass,” said the genius, “he is a buck of quality; he has staid at the tavern till he is intoxicated, and is now sallied forth to demolish with halfpence the windows of the sleeping sober cits; and also, to achieve his *capital* exploit, the breaking a watchman’s head: he will, as usual, be taken to the round-house, and after he is liberated will, with the return of night, pursue the same career.”—“Strange amusement!” exclaimed I; “I wonder that he is not confined either in a prison or a mad-house.”—“He has ten thousand a year,” replied my conductor; “if he were without a shilling, he would certainly be treated in the manner which you recommend.”

About noon my guardian proposed an excursion to a coffee-house, frequented by many eminent literary characters; “We shall there see,” said he, “a larger collection of characters than is to be met at any other place.” We set out, and in a few minutes arrived at the place of our destination; the room was filled with different groupes of persons; we seated ourselves in a box, and called for refreshments, which were instantly brought: we were soon joined by two persons, who entered into conversation with us. One of them gave us a complete analysis and review of every book which had appeared for a considerable period: he decided, in the most authoritative manner, upon their style, arrangement, and matter, but he was much more liberal of his censure than of his praise; the arrangement of one was perplexed, of another the style was corrupt, and of a third the matter was barren and uninteresting: not one production met with any thing in the smallest degree approaching to unmixed praise, and an immense number were condemned, as unworthy of the slightest notice. His companion gave us an account of the views and politics of all the sovereigns of the lunar world, and

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of their consequence and resources : he enlarged very much upon the present state of the kingdom of Ibolan, upon the talents and faults of its rulers, and upon the changes that would shortly take place in its cabinet : he censured some measures very freely, and recommended others, which he declared, if pursued, would not fail to raise the Ibolans to the highest degree of consequence in the scale of nations. After having conversed with us for a considerable time, they departed.—“ I could have wished,” said I, “ to have found men of such amazing knowledge more candid ; they were, I think, unnecessarily severe upon many books and measures which they mentioned.” “ You conceive them then to be persons of wonderful sagacity and erudition ?” replied the genius.—“ Most certainly : can I doubt it ?” exclaimed I, rather surprised at the ironical tone with which he spoke.—“ You will, I trust, believe me,” answered he, “ when I tell you that the one has never read, even one of all the many books mentioned by him ; and that the other, so far from understanding the interests and intrigues either of his own, or the surrounding states, is entirely ignorant of the real causes which actuate their slightest movements ; their superficial knowledge is derived from the printed papers which are spread upon the tables before us—the political ones are published every morning and evening, and the literary ones every month. These productions are eagerly read by those persons who wish to appear learned, but whose understandings are too confined to comprehend either books or measures upon an extensive and noble scale : but I will now develope to you the pursuits and rank of some of the persons around us ; you have doubtless noticed, that almost every person in the room has one or more feathers of different colours placed in his cap, of which he seems particularly proud. These feathers are a certain passport to success ; the names of them (for each has a different name) are, in every work he publishes, pompously inserted after his signature by their possessor.

I do not tell you that men of genius always gain them; I do not wish to deceive you by such a falshood; to attain them depends not so much upon merit as upon interest: the unsupported man of genius may toil all his life without obtaining one solitary feather of the meanest colour as a reward for his exertions. Observe, in the second box, that arrogant-looking man who has such a number in his cap; mark with what disdain he eyes those who have not so many as himself: you may perhaps imagine that his works have informed the minds, or meliorated the situation of the Ibolans; that he has combated against infidelity, or unmasked and exposed to shame the minions of treason. No—this is not the path he has pursued; he has written several diffuse volumes, to prove that a circle is an older figure than a square; that a person cannot be in two places at the same time; and that darkness proceeds from a privation of light. The thin meagre man in the box opposite, who is treated by the whole company with such contempt, is a man of the most powerful genius; but not being in possession of a single feather, he has been unable to obtain the notice of the world. He has published several elegant, learned, and correct works, but they have never been read; for his powerful and inveterate rivals made full use of those means, which malice and envy are never at a loss for, to depreciate their value in the eyes of the people. When he shall have ceased to exist, his writings will be sought after with the utmost avidity, and his name will be mentioned with admiration by those who assisted to hunt him out of existence.

It is now near thirty years since a youth of univalled powers strove to gain the patronage of the Ibolans; he first applied to greatness, but greatness turned away from him unexpectedly: he appealed to the world—it was deaf to him: he called forth all the varied energies of his genius, but unsanctioned by the voice of popular favour—unsupported by the splendour

of

of a name, they were received with cold, and mortifying indifference. Nobly conscious of his own worth, his feeling soul, stung by the ingratitude of *this* world, sought for refuge in a better: his ashes were scarcely deposited in the earth before the Ibolans saw the value of the gem they had given to destruction—unnumbered tears were shed for his untimely fate—unnumbered wreaths were hung around his tomb—but the blow was struck, and those honours which while he was living might have inspired him to the noblest efforts, were lavished in vain upon his early grave. “And this is the reward of genius!” exclaimed I sighing.—“It is so,” replied my celestial friend; “but let us proceed on our observations: that groupe of men on the opposite side of the room is composed of antiquarians; they are poring over a fragment which has been lately dug from a ruin. What would you suppose their labours tended to?” “To the ascertaining some date, or some fact of consequence in the history of their country,” replied I.—“No, indeed,” rejoined the genius, “they are in high dispute upon the important question, whether a mark on the stone under examination, was originally intended for the arm of a man, or a distaff; both the parties are so firmly convinced of the truth of their respective conjectures, that they will separate without receding a tittle from their belief; and the principal men on both sides will each write a long dissertation to expose the fallacy of his antagonist’s reasonings.—Turn your eyes to the man in the next box to the antiquarian, who appears so overjoyed—he is not a literary man; he is a man of immense property and very fond of litigation: he has this morning had a cause decided in his favour, which had been depending eight years; he is congratulating himself that he has gained it at the expence of only twelve thousand pounds, while his adversary has spent twenty-five thousand pounds in opposing him. But it is now time to leave the coffee-house; we have surveyed all the characters here worthy notice, and will

visit some other place, which will afford equal matter for observation. I will conduct you to one of the many societies in this metropolis where different questions are discussed.

We quitted the coffee-house, and as I passed along I was very much surprised to see several men, drawing along with great velocity, and with much apparent satisfaction, a carriage containing one man. I looked up to the genius for an explanation. "This," said he, "is a popular man"—"A popular man," repeated I; "he is, I suppose, some patriot who has saved the liberties of his country from destruction, or some general or admiral who has hazarded his life to maintain its glory."—"Those certainly," answered the genius, "may appear to you to be the only paths to popularity, but the popular men of this country obtain their title in an easier manner; it is only necessary in every instance to oppose with the utmost inveteracy the ruling powers; to be bold in advancing assertions, and steady in supporting them, however untrue they may be; and incessantly to vociferate in the ears of the Ibolans, that they are utterly and irreparably ruined. The individual who pursues this plan, however profligate his manners, however despicable his private conduct may be, is certain of being a popular man." We had scarcely advanced ten paces when we met a crowd consisting of near an hundred persons; every one of them was engaged in making sport of an individual, who seemed to be very much embarrassed by his situation. Upon asking one of the mob for what reason they followed him; "Why don't you see (answered he surlily) "that he wears two strings in each shoe, and that we wear but one; and that his coat is near a quarter of an inch shorter than any of ours?" As I could not perceive the sufficiency of the reason, and would not venture to ask any more questions, I retired. "You seem to wonder," (said the genius, smiling as he spoke;) "you will perhaps wonder still more when I tell you, that some centuries ago, such an appearance would have been sufficient

cient

cient to rouse the whole lunar world to arms. Many thousands have lost their lives, in various and horrid manners, because they would persist in making the tails of their nines, near a twentieth part of an inch longer than their persecutors; the party of the long-tailed nines, when they obtained the ascendancy, retaliated in the same manner, and thus the sword of persecution was never suffered for an instant to repose within its scabbard; but this spirit is now happily near extinct; the trifling instance we have just seen is the faint and expiring remains of those prejudices which will never more destroy the peace of nations."

Here the genius ceased speaking, and I stepped into the shop of an optician for the purpose of purchasing a telescope to enable me, in my return to my native shores, to discover the two nations of one-eyed and long-tailed men, which, from reading the works of a grave modern philosopher, I was very much inclined to believe had really existence in some part of our globe. I made my purchase, and we proceeded to the place appointed for the debate; we got possession of a very commodious seat, and the debates in a short time commenced; the motions, or rather contortions of the speakers were so various and unnatural, and their speeches either so inflated and incomprehensible, or so dull and monotonous, that I could not forbear laughing during the whole time of the exhibition; it was no uncommon thing to hear a speaker in the middle of his speech, contradict what he had asserted at its opening, and conclude it by giving his vote for the opinion he had seemed to controvert. After two hours spent in continued laughter, the assembly broke up and we departed. "Well," exclaimed my guide, as we quitted the room, "how do you approve of this scene?"—"Very much indeed," replied I, "I think it a most excellent institution—I applaud highly the idea of forming a good orator by displaying to the learners every thing that constitutes a bad one—I think the teachers acted inimitably—they could not have selected more

more appropriate specimens than those we have witnessed."—"And so you really suppose," said the genius, "that they were only acting the wretched orator?—upon my word your judgment is most terribly erroneous—the persons we have just listened to, conceive their powers of oratory to be of the first order—and they regularly exhibit themselves every week, for the purpose of obtaining the applause of their auditors; it is for this reason that these societies are established; it happens not unfrequently that the greatest part of the speakers are entirely unacquainted with their subject till they enter the room, and until they have proceeded through more than half their speech, are undetermined which side of the question to espouse."—"For heavens sake, my dear genius," exclaimed I, indignantly, "convey me back to my native planet—I am disgusted beyond measure at these scenes of absurdity—I have sufficiently seen, and shall be truly grateful to find myself once more safely returned to my own home." I had no sooner ceased than the genius resumed his original appearance, and clasping my hand, we instantly began our flight: we were in the midway between the earth and moon, when an immense meteor appeared to approach us so rapidly that I shrieked out, and clinging round the genius, awoke, and found the rays of the sun peeping through my curtains, and my arms firmly encircling my pillow; glad indeed was I, when I recovered from my surprise, to find myself in a world where religion is respected—where genius is patronized—and where even amusement is rendered subservient to the interest of morality and virtue.

FERDINAND ST. JULIEN.

ON FEELING.

Feelingly alive to each fine impulse.

AKENSIDE.

THERE is perhaps no sensation of the human breast made more the subject of conversation than that of feeling. Every person is desirous of being distinguished for the possession of an ample share of it, though the acute observer of human nature will often discover less of its amiable influence in the actions of those who are the most forward to acknowledge its effects.

How frequent do we hear the plaintive language of commiseration fall from the lips of those, whose hearts never sickened, and whose eyes never shed a tear at the sight of woe; who without painful agitation can behold the most amiable of their friends closing their eyes for ever? The agonizing tortures of disease, the throbbings of distress, the pale cheek of hopeless penury, give them no real concern, wring not their bosoms with anguish, nor does it check the pursuit of one trifling, one momentary gratification! But though persons of this unfeeling disposition must necessarily be despised, yet it must be remembered, that this amiable emotion of the heart should have its restrictions. It is possible to indulge it to an undue and injurious extent.

Characters of this cast are generally feminine. Endowed by nature with souls alive to pity, refined by education, and heightened by reflection, the fine chords of the heart vibrate too freely at the slightest touch, which eventually enfeebles the whole system. But feeling, regulated by reason, imparts the highest and most permanent pleasure. A man of this character never surveys even a group of children at their diversions, but at first his heart gladdens with joy; experience next pictures to his imagination the many cares they must encounter on the journey of life, now elated with hope, and now depressed with disappointment; till evil pas-
sions

sions with magic power seduce them from the paths of truth and virtue, and plunge them into an abyss of wretchedness. Surrounded by the tumult of the city, or embosomed in the rural shade, wandering through the flowery vale, or climbing the cloud-invested hill; creeping along the green-margined bank of a noiseless stream, or standing with admiration on the shores of the restless ocean, each of these different scenes yields him a sensation either of unmingled pleasure, or of rapturous joy. In society, the converse of intelligent friends, the mutual communication of knowledge, and the interchange of sentiments, afford him exquisite delight, nor can any thing diminish this social pleasure, but the intrusion of petulant disputation, or of unyielding prejudice. Attached to civil and religious liberty, under the direction of an ardent benevolence, he wishes every man to enjoy his own opinion. If, however, difference of sentiment proves the source of contention, he pities the weakness of his friends, and with regret relinquishes their society. But has poverty seized their hearts? Do their cheeks look sad and pale with grief, that wont to be illumed with joy, and glowed with health? his heart instantly expands with the sincerest concern; he flies to their relief; his services are tendered; fortune, time, exertion, and consolation are not wanting to cheer, and permanently relieve his distressed friends.

Does he behold oppression trampling on the neck of liberty, and violating the rights of man? Are the privileges of his countrymen wrested from them by lawless power? Then may we behold his eyes flash with indignation, and hear his lips utter the strong feelings of his soul. Bold and unconquerable is his spirit in the holy cause of truth and freedom. Nor would he stoop to flatter tyranny, or veil corruption, were the wealth of worlds the prize. Hostile to savage persecution and murderous war, he sighs in secret at the mad infatuation that disposes men to delight in carnage, and in the desolating calamities of hostility. "Is man (he exclaims)

made

made by the same creator, and are not ALL the candidates for a crown of glory which will never fade away? Why then seek by means so terrible a perishable wreath, so transient in its beauty, that the slightest breath of regal caprice, or of popular displeasure, will blast its charms for ever? Oh! why will not man delight in peace? Or if differences must arise, why not calmly discuss the causes of complaint?"

Thus the man of virtue, and of pure patriotism, feels and reasons. For his country's welfare he cherishes the most fervent desire. But his mind enlarged by experience, cannot approve of her conduct when she arrogantly presumes to dictate laws to others. He looks with kindness upon all mankind; as branches from the same stock, he reverences the virtuous of all nations; ardently anticipating the blissful period when the weapons of war will be converted into implements of husbandry, and when every nation will embrace each other as brethren:

O! cherish the fair vision: Time *may* bring
Such happy days, when war no more shall range
Triumphant thro' the world; when man no more
Shall slay his fellow man, or make his flesh
An article of commerce. Haste, ye hours,
Bring with you ever-smiling peace, that men
May trumpet forth her glorious jubilee,
Thro' every land on this terraqueous orb!
That every tribe, and every tongue may join,
And shout one general anthem to her praise!
Illustrious epoch! Man devoid of fear,
Shall then embrace his fellow, then shall hail

A CITIZEN of earth; a FREEMAN of the WORLD!

TRIUMPHS OF WAR.

June 3, 1798.

J. S.

LEADING

LEADING TRAITS OF
 THE CHARACTERS OF PUBLIC MEN,
 WITH ANECDOTES;
Or Helps for the Biographic Historian.

BY A FRIEND OF THE VISITOR,
Long conversant in the Circles of Fashion and Literature.

R. B. S—, ESQ. M. P. FOR ST—.

[Continued from page 54.]

THE first introduction of Mr. S— to the then splendid sovereign of beauty and fashion, the Duchess of D——c, which he had passionately desired, and his friend Mr. F— had often promised him, was as follows: A Mr. O'B— who held some office in the Portland family, wrote a play, and prevailed with the Duchess of D—— to send it to Mr. S—, the manager, with her express desire that it might be got up, and played at his House immediately. This was exactly what the manager wanted: he waited instantly on her Grace, and like a true courtier, pretended he had carefully examined the play, and found it admirable; returned her Grace a thousand acknowledgments for the honour she had been pleased to confer on him; which in fact (as he pretended) was also doing him a favour of consequence; since the House was quite out of new pieces, at the moment, and that the excellent play her Grace had obliged them with, would, in all probability, be at least a couple of thousand pounds in their way. The Piece was immediately got up with all the strength of the House, played, and damned; and a damned play it surely was. The crafty manager now waits on the amiable Duchess again,

again, with well-feigned sorrow for such an untoward event, as the damnation of the play; deploring and execrating the bad taste of the Public, and protesting to her Grace, that he himself could never think of writing for them again, since they had taken upon them to damn a play, not only so intrinsically fine and excellent, but which had even the sanction of her Grace's superior judgment.

We sincerely hope we are now about to repeat a piece of arrant scandal; but we should hold ourselves highly culpable in concealing any kind of information from the Public, granting it to be of such nature as to admit of contradiction from the parties falsely accused. Thus all parties may be satisfied, at least enjoy and exercise their rights.

It has been asserted confidently, but we hope with much more confidence than truth, that at the theatres, they have the custom of copying every new dramatic performance offered to them, even such as are rejected; for the not easily defensible purpose of having a stock by them, from which, on a pressing occasion, to select, garble, and patch up a new play. To such a manœuvre it has been said, the celebrated comedy of the School for Scandal owed its birth; and that Mr. S— was no otherwise its author, than as he formed it into a whole, and reduced to shape (with no doubt some additions of his own) the different passages which he selected from various plays, entrusted to his inspection as manager. As one proof of this, it was adduced, that about two years before the appearance of the School for Scandal, a Miss Richardson, assisted by Dr. K—, of Brazen-Nose College, wrote a comedy, which had a screen-scene in it, and which abounded with sentiments and situations such as we find in Mr. S—'s play. The comedy of Miss Richardson, it seems, was offered to the manager of Drury-lane House, and rejected. Another claim of a similar kind was made by a Gentleman, openly and publicly, at Coachmaker's-hall.

Mr. S— is said to have been employed full fifteen
VOL. IV. O months,

months, in composing, revising, and correcting his celebrated *Philippic* against Governor Hastings; in which he was assisted chiefly, in matters of business, by Mr.

S— is also the reputed author of the letters signed Hampden, addressed to the Duke of Portland, and formerly published in the *Morning Chronicle*; which paper is occasionally honoured at the present period, with the productions of the same able and elegant pen.

SKETCH OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BY A PUPIL.

..... The goodly apparatus
That rides round the glowing axle-tree of heaven.

VILLAGE CURATE.

OF all the sciences Astronomy is the most sublime. It treats of the works of nature in their most stupendous extent. It has a reference to the perfections of deity. By his power, wisdom, and goodness, all things were formed.

The SUN, an immense body of fire and light, is fixed in the centre of the system, whilst the planets revolve around him. He is upwards of 1,000,000 times as large as our earth, and intended to give light, heat, and vegetation to seven primary, and at least fifteen secondary worlds. By spots on his disk, he is discovered to turn on his axis in about twenty-five of our days.

1. MERCURY, the first in the system, at the distance of 36,000,000 of miles from the SUN, completes his revolution in 88 days.

2. VENUS, at the distance of 68,000,000 of miles from the SUN, revolves around him in 224 days.

These are the *inferior* planets, because their station is between the SUN and the EARTH.

3. EARTH which we inhabit at the distance from the SUN of 95,000,000 of miles, performs its period in 365 days.

days. EARTH has one *Moon* or *Satellite* at the distance of about 240,000 miles from it, which revolves around the EARTH in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes.

We proceed to the *superior* planets.

4. MARS, at the distance of 145,000,000 of miles, revolves in little less than two of our years.

5. JUPITER, at the distance of 490,000,000 miles, accomplishes his journey in 12 years. He has 4 *Moons* or *Attendants*.

6. SATURN, at the distance of 900,000,000 of miles, completes his revolution in 30 years. Saturn has 7 *Moons*, and a stupendous *Ring* surrounding his body, the nature of which astronomers have not yet ascertained.

7. GEORGIUM SIDUS, at the immense distance of 1860,000,000 miles, creeps around his orbit in 82 years and a half. It has three *Moons*, or *Attendants*.

8. COMETS, are bodies which, in various and vastly eccentric orbits, revolve about the SUN in different situations, and periods of time.

9. The FIXED STARS, known by their never varying in their situations in the heavens, also by their twinkling, are supposed by Astronomers to be SUNS to other systems, with planets revolving around them like our SUN. Some of them are blue, others red, and others all colours. However we know nothing concerning their distance, only that it is extremely great.

The SOLAR SYSTEM is thus beautifully described by a British poetess, distinguished for the elegance of her compositions :

..... Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled Earth,
And the pale Moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk,
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf,
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,

Girt with a lucid zone, majestic sits
 In gloomy grandeur like an exiled queen,
 Amongst her weeping handmaids: fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where burning round, ten thousand suns appear
 Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our tenebrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day.
 Sons of the morning! first born of creation!
 And only less than HIM who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
 Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
 Of habitable nature; far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night;
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The desarts of creation, wide, and wild;
 Where embryo systems, and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops
 And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.

MRS. BARBAULD.

J. B.

AN ESSAY ON HISTORY.

“As it is the office of an orator to persuade, it is that of an
 “historian to record truth for the instruction of mankind.

“BLAIR.”

HOW grateful is the memory of some men! We particularly admire those who, in ancient times, acted with such virtue and fortitude against all the attacks of vice as to have immortalized their names. By reading an account of such characters in several fine authors we are presented with an ample field for instruction. How thankful ought we be to those illustrious persons who have handed down to posterity the narrative of ancient and modern history? For without the aid of history we should know very little more than our first parents of things that have happened before us. So
 great

great is the knowledge of history, that a man ignorant of it, may be denominated a *second Adam*, and indeed is to be censured, having in his power the means of knowledge.

There are many who admire the valour and military qualities of an Alexander, or a Julius Cæsar, without once considering how much blood they have shed, for no other cause than merely to satisfy their cursed love of distinction ! Well may the Bishop of London say in these his expressive words :

“ One murder makes a villain, millions an hero.”

The advantages arising from the study of history are various. It ought to precede all other parts of learning, as it serves not only for instruction, but also for entertainment. It is the first study among young people that excites curiosity. Youth, however, should not boast of their knowledge of history. They may have burdened their memories with events, dates, and names only to make a display of their knowledge, and astonish their friends. But the true purport of history does not consist in the remembrance of events and actions. This kind of knowledge merits no applause. For knowledge consists in examining things to the bottom, and in finding out their true value. The principal end of history then, is to teach youth to speak little, but reflect much.

Many in general are partial to the Greeks and Romans, and wish to imitate their brilliant actions. They perceive the inhabitants of their own country in general aspiring to wealth and grandeur, and crowds courting their friendship and esteem. For that reason they are led to admire what they see other people admire. But by looking narrowly into past ages they rectify this mistake, and see that not the richest and greatest, but the best man was in the end rewarded. We should likewise form a judgment of what is deserving of praise. For history presents us with some men who, in their time, made a mighty noise in the world, but whose me-

mory is now covered with infamy and disgrace. In the mean time, others in a private and retired life, enjoy ease and pleasure, which is a far better reward than the attempting to secure pleasure and ease at the expence of the blood and peace of their fellow-creatures.

We see in the reading of history that by the Greeks and Romans, slavery was greatly abhorred. Without mercy, however, they tyrannized over their slaves, unfortunate people! reduced by them to slavery. They excessively disliked slavery, and yet when these unfortunate people attempted to recover their liberty, how cruelly were they used even by those very masters who have given instances that they would rather die than submit to slavery. Was that done like freemen, to govern with an iron rod an helpless and undefended people? But the barbarity of the times partly excuses them.

The reading of history is of so great a benefit to mankind, as it lays open to us the vicissitudes of empires, kingdoms, and republics. By reading of these revolutions we trace the origin, first, of our own country, and then that of the world itself. By this useful study of history we become acquainted with the transactions of past ages from the very beginning of time. History is nearly connected with geography and chronology. The latter informs you of the exact time *when* the action was performed, the former, of the size and situation of the place *where* it was performed. So great is the utility of chronology, that without it we should sink into an abyss of ignorance, not knowing whether it was at the beginning or end of the creation, except by the description of its manners and customs, which would be a very indifferent help. Without geography also, we should be in a bad dilemma, not knowing the extent and situation of the place of which we read, which is necessary to comprehend their wars and expeditions.

Thus we see the connection and the great use of chronology and geography for properly understanding the

the study of history. History gives us the event itself, chronology the time when this event happened, and geography where and how the place is situated, with its size. The history of our own country should carefully be read, then we may descend to the history of Rome, Greece, and ancient history in general, not omitting sacred history, where we find the first origin of time. Of the modern historians of our own country, It shall suffice to mention a few of the principal ones, viz. Rapin, Henry, Hume, Kimber, and Goldsmith, all of whom have exercised their pens in an elegant and instructive manner. We might next proceed to those who, in the compilation of larger histories, have had the more laborious task of selecting from all the scattered remains of antiquity. But I shall now conclude by just reminding the reader of the utility of history, in the words which constitute my motto: "As it is the office of an orator to persuade, it is that of an historian to record truth for the instruction of mankind."

T. P.

ON FILIAL AFFECTION.

..... A doating parent lives
 In many lives; thro' many a nerve he feels;
 Nor does division weaken, nor the force
 Of constant operation e'er exhaust
 Paternal love.

HANNAH MORE.

FILIAL affection is that disposition of the mind exercised by a child towards his parents. It is the most refined and natural of our sensations. When a child of any feeling or sensibility reflects what his parents have done for him in his early years, how they bore with his frailties, cherished him in sickness, and stored his mind with useful knowledge, he must find his heart glowing with gratitude towards them.

It

It is certainly the constant ambition of *good* parents to instil virtue into the minds of their children, as well as to grant them every indulgence that may not prove prejudicial to them. Is it not therefore reasonable, that after having conferred so many favours on their offspring, they should in return expect their love and obedience? Yes; and the person who is destitute of love towards his parents, is unworthy of being called a human being. His conscience will probably soon render him despicable in his own eyes; he is indeed to be pitied, for he has not had the pleasure of experiencing one of the finest sensations that ever rose in the human breast.

You should honour your parents, and as much as possible hide their weaknesses. When they grow old remember what they did for you in your youth. In return lighten their sorrows, sooth their cares, support their infirmities, and pay great deference to their authority and advice. When you have done all this, and all that is in your power to do, you will not even then have paid the *debt* you owe them.

Your parents, if they have it in their power, will certainly give you a liberal education. In that case it is your duty to pay great attention to your different studies. Pursue them with alacrity, that you may put them to as little expence as possible. For be assured, that nothing can give your parents greater joy than to see you a virtuous, wise, and useful member of society.

Should you live to become parents yourselves, you will, by acting respectfully towards your own parents, set your children an useful example. They in their turn will prove virtuous and have a veneration for you. On the contrary, if you be not virtuous, they probably will not be virtuous; if you do not respect your parents, your own offspring will not respect you. So great is the force of example on the minds of youth. But whether they imitate your obedience or not, a virtuous character cannot be miserable. Having done your duty by the
exercise

exercise of filial affection, you will be secure of your reward, though the best of parents must sorely feel the ingratitude or disobedience of their children.

I shall conclude in the expressive language of an ancient sage :—

“ The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun ; yea, more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales.

“ Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life ; and to thy mother for she sustained thee.

“ Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good ; give ear to his admonition for it proceedeth from love.

“ He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy ease ; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

“ Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents, assist and support them in the decline of life.

“ So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace, and thine own children in reverence of thine example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.”

June 12,
1796.

A. W.

THE

THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
LATE MARY WOOLLSTONCRAFT GODWIN,

Author of "*A Vindication of the Rights of Women.*"

CAREFULLY SELECTED

FROM HER VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS,

For the Entertainment and Instruction of the rising Generation,

(Continued from page 43.)

(From *MARY, a Fiction.*)

HAPPINESS.

THERE are some subjects that are so enveloped in clouds, as you dissipate one, another overspreads it. Of this kind are our reasonings concerning happiness, till we are obliged to cry out with the apostle, *That it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive in what it could consist*, or how satiety could be prevented. Man seems formed for action, though the passions are seldom properly managed; they are either so languid as not to serve as a spur, or else so violent, as to overleap all bounds.

Every individual has its own peculiar trials; and anguish, in one shape or other, visits every heart. Sensibility produces flights of virtue; and not curbed by reason, is on the brink of vice talking, and even thinking of virtue.

Christianity can only afford just principles to govern the wayward feelings and impulses of the heart: every good disposition runs wild, if not transplanted into this soil; but how hard is it to keep the heart diligently, though convinced that the issues of life depend on it.

It

It is very difficult to discipline the mind of a thinker, or reconcile him to the weakness, the inconsistency of his understanding; and a still more laborious task for him to conquer his passions, and learn to seek content, instead of happiness. Good dispositions, and virtuous propensities, without the light of the Gospel, produce eccentric characters: comet-like, they are always in extremes; while revelation resembles the laws of attraction, and produces uniformity; but too often is the attraction feeble; and the light so obscured by passion, as to force the bewildered soul to fly into void space, and wander into confusion.

THE DEATH OF HENRY.

Mary found Henry very ill. The physician had some weeks before declared he never knew a person with a similar pulse recover. Henry was certain he could not live long; all the rest he could obtain, was procured by opiates. Mary now enjoyed the melancholy pleasure of nursing him, and softened by her tenderness the pains she could not remove. Every sigh did she stifle, every tear restrain, when he could see or hear them. She would boast of her resignation—yet catch eagerly at the least ray of hope. While he slept she would support his pillow, and rest her head where she could feel his breath. She loved him better than herself—she could not pray for his recovery; she could only say, The will of heaven be done.

While she was in this state, she laboured to acquire fortitude; but one tender look destroyed it all—she rather laboured, indeed, to make him believe she was resigned, than really to be so.

She wished to receive the sacrament with him, as a bond of union which was to extend beyond the grave. She did so, and received comfort from it; she rose above her misery.

His end was now approaching, Mary sat on the side of the bed. His eyes appeared fixed—no longer

ger agitated by passion, he only felt that it was a fearful thing to die. The soul retired to the citadel ; but it was not now solely filled by the image of her who in silent despair watched for his last breath. Collected, a frightful calmness stilled every turbulent emotion.

The mother's grief was more audible. Henry had for some time only attended to Mary—Mary pitied the parent, whose stings of conscience increased her sorrow ; she whispered him, “ Thy mother weeps, disregarded by thee ; oh ! comfort her ”—“ My mother, thy son blesses thee.”—The oppressed parent left the room. And Mary waited to see him die.

She pressed with trembling eagerness his parched lips—he opened his eyes again ; the spreading film retired, and love relumed them—he gave a look—it was never forgotten. My Mary, will you be comforted ?

Yes, yes, she exclaimed in a firm voice ; you go to be happy—I am not a complete wretch ! The words almost choked her.

He was a long time silent ; the opiate produced a kind of stupor. At last, in an agony, he cried, “ It is dark ; I cannot see thee ; raise me up. Where is Mary ? did she not say she delighted to support me ? let me die in her arms.

Her arms were opened to receive him ; they trembled not. Again he was obliged to lie down, resting on her : as the agonies increased he leaned towards her : the soul seemed flying to her, as it escaped out of its prison. The breathing was interrupted ; she heard distinctly the last sigh—and lifting up to heaven her eyes, “ Father, receive his spirit,” she calmly cried.

The attendants gathered round ; she moved not, nor heard the clamour ; the hand seemed yet to press hers ; it still was warm. A ray of light from an opened window discovered the pale face.

She left the room, and retired to one very near it ; and sitting down on the floor, fixed her eyes on the door of the apartment which contained the body. Every
event

event of her life rushed across her mind with wonderful rapidity—yet all was still—fate had given the finishing stroke. She sat till midnight.—Then rose in a phrensy. went into the apartment, and desired those who watched the body to retire.

She knelt by the bed side ;——an enthusiastic devotion overcame the dictates of despair.—She prayed most ardently to be supported, and dedicated herself to the service of that Being into whose hands she had committed the spirit she almost adored—again—and again, —she prayed wildly—and fervently—but attempting to touch the lifeless hand—her head swum—she sunk—

CONCLUSION.

Mary visited the continent, and sought health in different climates ; but her nerves were not to be restored to their former state. She then retired to her house in the country, established manufactories, threw the estate into small farms ; and continually employed herself this way to dissipate care, and banish unavailing regret. She visited the sick, supported the old, and educated the young.

These occupations engrossed her mind ; but there were hours when all her former woes would return and haunt her.—Whenever she did, or said any thing she thought Henry would have approved of—she could not avoid thinking with anguish of the rapture his approbation ever conveyed to her heart—a heart in which there was a void, that even benevolence and religion could not fill. The latter taught her to struggle for resignation ; and the former rendered life supportable.

Her delicate state of health did not promise long life. In moments of solitary sadness, a gleam of joy would dart across her mind—She thought she was hastening to that world *where there is neither marrying, nor giving in marriage.*

(From the WRONGS of WOMEN).

ON MADNESS.

Maria contemplated the most terrific of ruins—that of a human soul. What is the view of the fallen column, the mouldering arch of the most exquisite workmanship when compared with this living memento of the fragility, the instability of reason, and the wild luxuriance of noxious passions? Enthusiasm turned adrift like some rich stream, overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. Thus thought Maria—these are the ravages over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguish not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brals, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decaying productions of the mind embodied with the happiest art we grieve most bitterly. The view of what has been done by man produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing scene of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a mental convulsion, which like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground *we* ourselves stand. Thinking it selfish to dwell on her own sufferings when in the midst of wretches who had not only lost all that endears life, but *their very selves*, Maria's imagination was occupied with melancholy earnestness to trace the mazes of misery through which so many wretches must have passed to this receptacle of disjointed souls, the grand source of human corruption. Often at midnight was she waked by the dismal thricks of demoniac rage, or of excruciating despair, uttered in such wild tones of indescribable anguish, as proved the total absence of reason, and roused phantoms of horror in her mind far more terrific than all that dreaming superstition ever drew. Besides, there was frequently something so inconceivably

conceivably picturesque in the varying gestures of unrestrained passion, so irresistibly comic in their sallies, or so heart-piercingly pathetic in the little airs they would sing, frequently bursting out after an awful silence, as to fascinate the attention and to amuse the fancy whilst torturing the soul. It was the uproar of the passions which she was compelled to observe; and to mark the lucid beam of reason like a light trembling in a socket, or like the flash which divides the threatening clouds of angry heaven only to display the horrors which darkness shrouded.

A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

It was the first time I had visited my native village since my marriage. But with what different emotions did I return from the busy world, with a heavy weight of experience benumbing my imagination to scenes that whispered recollections of joy and hope most eloquently to my heart! The first scent of the wild flowers from the heath thrilled through my veins, awaking every sense to pleasure. The icy hand of despair seemed to be removed from my bosom; and the nurtured visions of a romantic mind bursting on me with all their original wildness and gay exuberance, were again hailed as sweet realities. I forgot with equal facility that I ever felt sorrow or knew care in the country, while a transient rainbow stole athwart the cloudy sky of despondency. The picturesque form of several favourite trees, and the porches of rude cottages with their smiling hedges, were recognized with the gladsome playfulness of childish vivacity. I could have kissed the chickens that pecked on the common, and longed to pat the cows, and frolic with the dogs that sported on it. I gazed with delight on the windmill, and thought it lucky that it should be in motion at the moment I should pass by; and entering the dear green lane which led directly to the village, the sound of the well-known rookery gave that sentimental tinge to the varying sensations of my active soul, which

only serve to heighten the lustre of the luxuriant scenery. But spying, as I advanced, the spire peeping over the withered tops of the aged elms that composed the rookery, my thoughts flew immediately to the church-yard, and tears of affection, such was the effect of my imagination, bedewed my mother's grave ! Sorrow gave place to devotional feelings. I wandered through the church in fancy, as I used sometimes to do on a Saturday evening ; I recollected with what fervour I addressed the God of my youth : and once more with rapturous love looked above my sorrows to the Father of Nature ! I pause—feeling forcibly all the emotions I am describing : and (reminded as I register my sorrows of the sublime calm I have felt, when in some tremendous solitude my soul rested on itself, and seemed to fill the universe), I insensibly breathe soft hushing every wayward emotion, as if fearing to sully with a sigh a contentment so extatic.

(From her ANSWER to BURKE.)

ON RELIGION.

That civilization, that the cultivation of the understanding, and refinement of the affections, *naturally* make a man religious, I am proud to acknowledge. What else can fill the aching void in the heart that human pleasures, human friendship can never fill ? What else can render us resigned to live though condemned to ignorance ? What but a profound reverence for the model of all perfection, and the mysterious tie which arises from a love of goodness ? What can make us reverence ourselves but a reverence for that BEING of whom we are faint images ? That mighty spirit moves on the waters, confusion hears his voice, and the troubled heart ceases to beat with anguish, for trust in *Him* bade it be still. Conscious dignity may make us rise superior to calumny, and sternly brave the winds of adverse fortune—Raised in our own esteem by the very storms of which we are the sport. But when friends are unkind,

and

and the heart has not the prop on which it fondly leaned, where can a tender suffering being fly but to the searcher of hearts? And when death has desolated the present scene, and torn from us the friend of our youth, when we walk along the accustomed path, and almost fancy nature dead, ask, Where art thou who gave life to these well-known scenes? When memory heightens former pleasures to contract our present prospects there is but one source of comfort within our reach, and in this sublime solitude the world appears to contain only the Creator and the creature, of whose happiness he is the source. These are human feelings.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

(From the Rev. Mr. Warner's Walk through Wales).

AS the morning was unfavourable, we did not leave Brecon till nine o'clock, when the clouds breaking away, and the sun appearing, we set off for Rhaid-dar-Gowy, a town at the distance of thirty-two miles. The view of Brecon from the north is more agreeable and interesting than from any other point. It here appears a spacious and respectable town, climbing the declivity and brow of an eminence, with the Usk winding at its feet, and the mountain Pannervæn, rough, precipitous, and dark, rising behind it to the south. Continuing our former plan, we deviated a little from the turnpike road, and strolled through the hay-fields, invited by their fragrance, the crop having been but lately carried in. It was not long, however, before we discovered we had wandered considerably from the road, and were perplexed by several tracks which crossed us in various directions. At this moment C—— observed some hay-makers in a field at no great distance; and being a Thessalian in speed, he ran to enquire the path we should pursue. Fortunately, one of the company

spoke English, who, sticking his fork in the ground, and throwing on his coat and waistcoat, came to us without delay. We immediately perceived there was *character* in this man; a quick, dark eye, and sharp features, gave him that appearance of intellect, which is seldom found to be belied upon further acquaintance. He enquired our destination and object, and finding us neither shy nor reserved, declared he should have a pleasure in attending us part of the road to Rhaidar, which was somewhat difficult for strangers to trace. "But," continued he, "I cannot think of doing this, Gentlemen, till you have visited my cottage hard by, and tasted my ale, of which I keep a good bottle for the refreshment of my friends."

The invitation was given with so much warmth and good-will, that we accepted it without hesitation, and followed our guide to his residence. It was an humble dwelling, standing in the midst of a small but neat garden, under the side of a steep hill, sheltering it from the blasts of the east and north. On entering the tenement, which consisted only of a ground floor, we found that it was divided into two apartments: the inner one containing a bed and four chairs, the outer displaying an infinite variety of heterogeneous articles; implements of destruction, and books of divinity; culinary utensils, and apothecary's drugs; cobbler's tools, and English classics; a cabinet and a cupboard, tables and stools, chairs and benches. We were shaken by the hand and bidden to sit down; when our friendly conductor, opening the *cabinet*, produced a bottle and glasses, the shell of a good cheese, some brown bread, and oaten cake. After the bumper of good fellowship had gone round, mine host favoured us with his history, which he recounted with great spirit, and much humour, exhibiting a complete example of that rare philosophy, which can meet the maladies of life with a smile, and rise superior to the blasts of casualty, and the frowns of fortune.

His name, he told us, was Robert Lewis, and his family

mily one of the best in Wales. Inclination, he observed, led him to follow a *profession*, but his friends thinking a *trade* likely to prove more advantageous, he was bound apprentice to a tanner. Happily, or unfortunately, for he was doubtful in which light to consider it, a fair damsel (the daughter of a neighbouring *hidalgo*, who had more than an usual portion of national pride) beheld him with complacency; and the regard being mutual, he eluded the vigilance of her parents, bore her off to a neighbouring church, and made her his wife. The idea of their fair relation being matched with a man in *trade*, was what her haughty kinsmen could not brook; the father's pride more especially was sorely wounded, and the whole clan vowed to revenge the affront. Their first attempts were of a very hostile nature, and Lewis recounted a number of "hair breadth 'scapes," and "most disastrous chances," which he had experienced from their malice; being frequently shot at from ambuscades, or encountered at night on returning to his dwelling. None of these adventures, however, terminated fatally to him, the aggressors in general coming off the worse, he being a man of great vigour, activity and spirit. Finding their expectation disappointed, therefore, his enemies changed their plan of operations, and since they could not injure his person, they determined to destroy his fortune. Here they were at length successful, as art and cunning will ever be when opposed to candour and incaution.

By a long series of malicious schemes, they ruined his business, blasted his credit, and drove him from the country where he was settled. "All this, however, gentlemen," continued he, "hard as it may seem, I could have borne with patience, had the effects of their vengeance extended no further. But alas! they wounded me in a tenderer part, they robbed me of my Letty! she died of a broken heart, and left me a widower, with four children. I confess, I had much difficulty in bearing up against this blow, and I was on the point of sinking

ing into despair. A short time, however, and a little reflection, brought me to myself; I recollected that the partner of my heart was now much happier than I could have made her; that she had left me many duties to perform; and that, in proportion to my difficulties and distresses, should be my exertion and endeavours to remove them. I therefore arranged my affairs, got into a smaller line of business, brought up my children, and sent them into the world. Having done this, and saved a trifle for a rainy day, I left the busy haunts of men, and purchased the cottage in which you now are; where I experience as much happiness as I can hope for on this side of the grave. My children, I bless God! all turned out well, and are decently provided for; my health is sound, my mind calm and serene;—'tis true, I have but little; my wants, however, are proportioned to my means, and whilst I have wherewith to procure a crust and a bottle of ale for the refreshment of a friend, I care not who possesses the riches and luxuries of life. In short," said he, "I cannot express my sentiments and situation better than in the words of the poet;" and snatching a book that lay by him, he read with great spirit, the beautiful old song, beginning "My mind to me a kingdom is," from Percy's Ancient English Poetry, his eye glistening all the while with the consciousness of independence, and seeming to say,

"How vain the ardour of the crowd!
How low, how indigent the proud!
How little are the great!"

It was with difficulty we prevailed on our hospitable host to allow us to pursue our journey, after having finished the third bottle of his *quadrimum*. He insisted, however, on being our companion for a few miles, and putting us into the direct road to Bualt. When the period of separation arrived, he grasped us by the hand, and bid us heartily farewell, adding this parting benediction:—"God bless you! Gentlemen, and may your journey through life be as pleasant as your walk is likely

to prove. But should storms and difficulties await you, remember that a clear conscience, an independent spirit, and a reliance on Providence, will enable you to brave them all, and bring you happily home at the last."

CURIOUS PLANT,

NEAR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[FROM THUNBURG'S TRAVELS.]

THE fruit of a species of Mesembryan Themum, was sometimes brought to the tavern as a rarity, and was called *Rosa de Jericho*. When it is put into water it gradually opens all its seed-vessels, and exactly resembles a sun, and when it becomes dry again, it contracts itself, and closes by degrees. This is no less a necessary than singular property which points out the admirable institution of an all-wise Creator; inasmuch as this plant, which is found in the most arid plains, keeps its seeds fast locked up in time of drought, but when the rainy season comes, and the seeds can grow, it opens its receptacles and lets fall the seeds in order, that they may be dispersed abroad. The water in which this fruit has lain, is sometimes given to women that are near their time, and is thought to procure them an easy delivery.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN,

ON Friday, June the 8th, closed with the new and admired comedy, *He is Much to Blame*—principal characters in this interesting piece were, Messrs. Lewis, Waddy, Pope, Murray, Davenport, Clarke, Thomson, Rees—Miss Betterton and Miss Mansel, Mrs. Gibbs

Gibbs and Mrs. Mattocks.—The comic opera of *Rosina* then followed, and the whole representation appeared to give the greatest satisfaction. It must be gratifying to the several actors, though of various merit, to be thus candidly and generously applauded. Nor is it less pleasing to the successive audiences, to find such reiterated exertions made for their instruction and entertainment.

The stage is certainly a powerful engine, whereby mankind may be benefitted and improved. We are always happy to announce any new piece, or any new performer, which in our opinion contributes to so valuable an end. The present comedy, *He is Much to Blame*—is now understood to be the production of Mr. Holcroft—to whose prolific pen we have on former occasions been highly indebted.—May he and other dramatic writers continue to entertain and instruct the public mind with performances, which, while they do credit to their respective talents, may subserve the best interests of society.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET,

Opened on Tuesday, June 12th, with a play called the *Battle of Hexham*, or *Days of Old*—previous to which was presented, a dramatic piece in one act, titled, a *Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*. After the play, which was performed with spirit, was presented, a comic sketch, entitled, *Blue Devils*—taken from the French of M. Patrat. The characters were well sustained by Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Munden, Mr. Wathen, Mr. Waldron, jun. and Mrs. Gibbs.

June 13. A young lady of the name of Griffith made her *debut* at the Haymarket, in the character of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, which displayed taste and judgment. Her voice possesses sweetness and flexibility—and she sings with simplicity and expression. We are informed

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informed that she received instructions from Mr. Kelly, who played Macbeth with animation. Suett performed the part of *Filch* with his usual humour, and brought forward some new readings, which were highly relished by his friends in the upper regions.

June 23. A new play in five acts, entitled *The Inquisitor*, translated from the German, was performed and received with dubious approbation. The characters were *Romeo* and *Juliet*, whose union was distracted by the ambition of the *Inquisitor*, who by their destruction hoped to acquire superior power, but fell a sacrifice to his own villainy, and by the union of the lovers the event was confirmed.

Mr. Darcy afterwards came forwards for the first time in the character of Capt. Greville in the *Flitch of Bacon*. His voice is pleasing, and the Haymarket Company may congratulate themselves on this fresh acquisition.

DRURY LANE,

Displayed a very crowded and brilliant audience on Friday the 8th of June, for the benefit of Mr. Dignum. The song of the *Fight of Camperdown* was admirably sung by Mr. Dignum, and the presence of the gallant Admiral Duncan wonderfully increased the effect. The respect shewed to him occasioned his bursting into tears. He bowed repeatedly to the audience, after which all the performers came forward and sung *Rule Britannia*, with an additional verse in compliment to the names of Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan. The farce of the *Critic* was afterwards performed. The whole scene impressed the eye and interested the heart.

Monday night, June 18, this Theatre closed for the season, with that popular piece the *Castle Spectre*, and *Comus*. Palmer delivered a valedictory address in every respect suitable to the occasion. He thanked the audience

dience in the names of the proprietors and performers, for the great success with which they had been honoured, and assured them that, during the summer season, an attention to their future amusements should be assiduously cultivated. This address was received with unbounded applause.

The *Castle Spectre* has been so great a favourite with the Public, that we understand the funds of Drury-lane have been much benefited by its frequent performance. That its Author is a man of talents no one can deny, but we could have wished that Mr. Lewis had dealt a little less in the marvellous. The effects of a *silent ghost* are, it seems, astonishing, and it has been humourously said, that next season the *Witch of Endor* is engaged to raise an abundance of *ghosts* for the amusement of the audience. But we do not mean to enter into the merits of this drama on the present occasion. Of its nature and constituent parts we have already spoken in the *second* volume of our Miscellany. We shall therefore add nothing more of a critical nature respecting this popular production. We are indeed glad, and we cannot help expressing it, that the piece, however mixed may have been its merit, has contributed on so many occasions to promote the public entertainment.

We now take our leave of Covent Garden and Drury-Lane Theatres for the summer season. At the commencement of next winter, we shall announce their reopening, and endeavour to present our Readers with a faithful and entertaining account of their progress. In the mean time it will be our province to attend to the performances of the Hay-Market Theatre, which has begun its career with its accustomed energy.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,
FOR JUNE, 1798.

ODE
FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1798,

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ POET-LAUREAT.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIR W. PARSONS.

WHILE loud and near, round Britain's coasts,
The low'ring storm of battle roars,
In proud array, while numerous hosts
Insulting threat her happy shores,
No strains with peaceful descant blown
Now float around Britannia's throne—
The shouts from martial zeal that rise,
The fires that beam from glory's eyes,
The sword that manly freedom draws,
In freedom's patriot monarch's cause,
Shall with an angel's voice display
How dear to Britain's sons their George's natal day.

Triumphant o'er the blue domain
Of hoary ocean's briny reign,
While Britain's navies boldly sweep,
With victor prow the stormy deep,
Will Gallia's vanquish'd squadrons dare
Again to try the wat'ry war,
Again her floating castles brave,
Terrific on the howling wave:
Or on the fragile bark adventure o'er,
Tempt her tempestuous seas, and scale her rocky shore.

Or should the winds uncertain gale
 Propitious swell the hostile sail;
 Should the dim mist, or midnight shade,
 Invasion's threatened inroad aid,
 Shall Britain, on her native strand,
 Shrink from a foe's inferior band?
 She vows by Gallia, taught to yield
 On Creci's and on Poitier's field,
 By Agincourt's high trophied plain,
 Pil'd with illustrious nobles slain,
 By wondering Danube's distant flood,
 And Blenheim's ramparts red with blood,
 By chiefs on Minden's heaths who shone,
 By recent fame at Lincelles won,
 Her laurel'd brow she ne'er will veil,
 Or shun the shock of fight, though numerous hosts assail.

The electric flame of glory runs
 Impetuous through her hardy sons;
 See, rushing from the farm and fold;
 Her swains in glory's lists enroll'd.
 Though o'er the nations far and wide
 Gallia may pour oppression's tide,
 And like Rome's tyrant race of yore,
 O'er-run each tributary shore;
 Yet, like the Julian chief, their hosts shall meet
 Untam'd resistance here, and foul defeat;
 Shall, like Rome's rav'ning eagle, baffled fly
 From Britain's fatal cliffs, the abode of liberty.

Behold on Windsor's oak-fring'd plain,
 The pride of Albion's sylvan reign,
 Where oft the cheering hound and horn
 Have pierc'd the listening ear of morn,
 Rous'd by the clarion's warlike sound,
 The heroes tread the tented ground.
 Where chiefs, as brave as those of yore,
 Who chivalry's first honours wore,
 What time, fair knighthood's knee around
 Th' embroider'd zone victorious Edward bound,
 Shall by their monarch's throne a bulwark stand,
 And guard in George's crown the welfare of the land.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN NEAR THE GRAVE OF MARIA.

NOW sweetly o'er yon eastern hill,
The dawn of morning streaks the skies,
Wake, shepherd, from thy slumbers still,
And from thy soft repose arise.

Winter, with all his frozen train,
Hath fled upon the northern blast ;
And genial Spring o'er all the plain,
Her mantle green again hath cast.

And see, the tender buds appear,
The blossoms shed their sweets around,
Their simple heads the snow-drops rear,
And the pale primrose decks the ground.

Then shepherd rise, and come away,
And I will tell thee all my woe,
Why sorrow darkens all my day,
And why my tears for ever flow.

On me, bright nature smiles no more ;—
Tho' Spring in all her charms is drest ;
Tho' she displays her gayest store,
Deep melancholy chills my breast.

Dost thou not see yon cypress glade,
Whose boughs wave slowly to the gale ?
Didst thou not know the lovely maid,
The pride and wonder of the vale ?

Dost thou not see yon simple stone,
Which rests against an aged tree ?
O ! thou, whom once I call'd my own,
When shall I come and rest with thee ?—

To thee no more shall Spring return,
 Nor Phœbus dart his cheering ray;
 For thee no more the hearth shall burn,
 When Winter chills the face of day.

And see the fav'rite lamb, to whom
 Its daily food so oft she gave;
 Hath wandered to Maria's tomb,
 And nips the grass which decks her grave.

But let us check the bitter tear,
 Which falls upon the verdant sod,
 For though the ashes moulder here,
 The soul reposes with its God.

Those early flowers which sweetly spread
 Their various beauties o'er the plain,
 Were lately wither'd, dry, and dead,
 And shortly they must fade again.

But my Maria's lifeless clay,
 Which bloom'd so lovely here before,
 Shall spring in realms of endless day,
 And flourish to decay no more.

WILLIAM HOWARD.

EDWIN.

SEE where yon cypress, moist with dew,
 Waves slowly o'er its sable bed;
 Beneath the turf, obscur'd from view,
 A gentle shepherd rests his head.

When softly drinks the ev'ning gale,
 The balmy fragrance nature spreads,
 And Cynthia silvers o'er the vale,
 Where babbling streamlets lift their heads;

Slow winding through the length'ning way,
 Where smiles the scene with checquer'd bloom,
 Fair Emma loves to watch the ray,
 Slow falling o'er his simple tomb.

Or when from sylvan woods remote,
Soft warblings cheer the dewy sky,
As to her ear the dying note,
Responsive breathes a ling'ring sigh,

Perchance she meet some pensive swain,
Whose flocks have fled their native dale;
To him begun with mournful strain,
She softly tells her plaintive tale.

No more, she cries, shall cruel fate,
With golden prospect crown my joys;
Nor flattering hopes each morn await,
In flow'ry garb to feast my eyes:

No more when Summer's streaming glow,
Breaks through the morning's gauzy cloud,
Shall Edwin climb the mountain brow,
To watch with me a bleating crowd:

Nor when grown Autumn's blushing grain
Has sunk beneath the keen-edg'd blade,
Shall he, retiring from the plain,
Divinely chaunt to Ev'ning's shade:

Nor when the moon-light's trembling sheen
Invites to dance each sportive swain,
Shall Edwin haste towards the green,
Where mirth and joy successive reign.

Yet the wild flowers he us'd to twine
In simple wreaths around my head,
Shall, scatter'd o'er his humble shrine,
Still bend beneath the songster's tread.

And oft, when sweeps the scented gale,
With murmurs o'er the sleeping wave,
Soft music echoing through the vale,
Shall sweetly whisper o'er his grave.

And soon his vital spark of fire
Shall glow with tints of spotless ray;
And, plac'd in heav'n's celestial choir,
Shall soar through realms of endless day.

And when on this chill'd form of mine,
 Pale death has fixt his icy hands,
 Then shall our souls again combine
 Love's purest flame in seraph bands.

TO AMBITION.

STAY, fell Ambition, stay the dreadful blow ;—
 Oh, check th' impetuous ardour of thy soul ;
 Within thy breast let gen'rous feelings glow—
 And mild humanity thy deeds controul !

O'er yonder scenes, O ! turn thy darting eyes—
 The blazing hamlet, ravag'd fields survey ;
 Th' expiring foldier, as he mangled lies—
 The matron's tears, the peasant's fore dismay !

Now, view fierce bands yon hapless town assail—
 Inflam'd with savage rage, their looks affright ;
 Intrepid see them tow'ring ramparts scale,
 The dangers braving of the bloody fight.

Thro' ev'ry street, lo ! carnage rages fierce—
 And groups of valiant heroes gasp for breath ;
 There the keen bay'nets aged botoms pierce—
 And cherub infants feel the pangs of death.

Hark ! floating in the gale, what sounds of woe !—
 Wafted they seem from yonder cottag'd plain ;
 Ah ! view, appr ach Britannia's daughters slow,
 Groaning with anguish for their husbands slain.

Lo ! Poland ravag'd by triumphant foes—
 Barbarian despots, who, through lust of fame,
 Wage ruthless war against the world's repose,
 Nor feel, or pangs of pity, or of shame.

Fierce as the tygers of the torrid waste,
 Thy ministers of vengeance prowl around ;
 Mansions and fanes are rapidly eras'd—
 And rage infuriate sweeps the cultur'd ground.

Close to thy throne, pale, ghastly murder stands,
 Impatient waiting for thy mandates dire;
 Who thirsts in human gore t'imbrue his hands,
 Ferocious smiling when thy foes expire.

Say, tho' thy prowess mighty realms subdue,
 And laurels blooming deck thy stately head;
 Tho' acclamations all thy steps pursue,
 Doth not the field deject thee—strew'd with dead?

Can wide domains, or wealth, or pow'r atone
 The sacrifice of one poor simple swain,
 Forc'd to obey the edicts from thy throne,
 And swell the glories of thy tyrant reign?

To white-rob'd Peace, with tender bosom blest,
 Ambition, listen; vengeful thoughts resign;
 Delusive honour and false fame detest—
 And bid the world no more in mis'ry pine.

J. S.

SONNET,

ON VISITING, AFTER ABSENCE, THE TOMB OF
 A MOST DEAR FRIEND.

YES—'tis thy smile, it bursts upon my sight
 E'en thro' the stony tomb, I see the tear
 Brighten thine eye's fond lustre, emblems dear,
 That wont to welcome me to home's delight.
 Smile—said I? smile!—can moulder'd ashes smile?
 Can tears of joy start from thine eyeless bones?
 Ah, no! nor canst thou hear my heart's sad moans,
 Which, feeding sorrow, sorrows pangs beguile.
 Yet shall I see again the smile of joy,
 Which pain shall ne'er embitter, where e'en now
 Celestial melodies thy powers employ,
 And wreaths of glory circle round thy brow.
 But first must I put off this coil of clay,
 And then my pilgrim soul shall spring to realms of day.

OXONIENSIS.

EPIGRAM.

" WERE I to walk till eventide
 Around the park," says Ned,
 " I still shou'd see yon son of pride,
 With *high-erected* head.

It must be irksome, Jack, I think.—"

" It irksome," drawls the wight,
 " No, no: for, troth it cannot sink,
 The air is not so light."

So have I seen a paper thing,
 By children call'd a kite,
 Sail high in air, by fasten'd string,
 Poiz'd in its tow'ring height.

OXONIENSIS.

ODE TO MUSIC.

HAIR! heavenly maid, my pensive mind
 Invokes thy woe-subduing strain,
 For there a shield my soul can find,
 Which subjugates each dagger'd pain.

When beauty spurns the lover's sighs,
 'Tis thine soft pity to inspire,
 And cold indiff'rence vanquish'd lies
 Beneath thy myrtle-vested lyre.

Oh! could contention's dæmon hear
 Thy seraph voice, his blood-lav'd spear
 He'd drop, and own thy pow'r:
 That smiling o'er our hapless land,
 Sweet peace might call her hallow'd band,
 To crown the festal hour.

T. GENT.

SONNET TO NIGHT.

I LOVE not thee, O! Night, when thiv'ring gales
Roar midst the foliage of the forest wide,
Or Cynthia 'neath a cloud her beauties hide,
And the mild splendour of the landscape veils.

Her silvery rays that tremble on the stream,
And gild the turrets of the mould'ring tow'r,
And give a twilight lustre to the bow'r,
More lovely to my orbs of vision seem.

And if sweet Philomel her plaintive tale
Chaunts from the lonely copse, my bosom feels
A sympathetic pensive joy; which heals
Awhile the wounds of care and sorrow pale;—
The soul attun'd her grateful vespers pours,
And the CREATOR wife, of thee, O! Night, adores.

June 9, 1798.

J. S.

INVOCATION TO PEACE,

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

COME, blooming seraph! dove-like Peace!
Again revisit this our sea-girt shore,
Oh! bid the British lion cease
To shake his tawny mane, and fiercely roar.—
Say, beauteous goddess! say,
Where dost thou now thy charms display?
In what sequester'd cell
Dost thou now delight to dwell?

Long since hast thou forsook the eastern world,
Long since Britannia hath thy loss bewail'd,
Long since hath Mars his bloody flag unfurl'd,
And carnage dire and misery prevail'd.—
Long since the trumpet's "war-denouncing" notes
Have made the soldier's heart with valour glow,
And cannons open'd wide their brazen throats
To pour destruction on the pressing foe.—

Do thou, sweet Peace ! these scenes dispel,
 Let war's tumultuous din be heard no more,
 Here, goddess ! ever deign to dwell,
 And to thy once-lov'd isle thy bounteous gifts restore.
 Here thy sacred olive rear
 With fond maternal care,
 So shall commerce spread her sails,
 Wafted on auspicious gales ;
 So shall smiling plenty reign,
 And deck the fields with waving grain ;
 So shall the arts and sciences increase,
 And Albion's monarch spend his latter days in peace.

Lynn, June 1793.

C. —

RETROSPECTION.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train.

IN early years, before my simple song
 In rhyming measure sang of luckless love,
 When debonnaire I trod the meads along,
 Nor musing sought the " high o'er arching grove :"

Then, ere the sun began his circling race,
 I topp'd the hills t'inhale the " breath of morn,"
 Survey'd enraptured nature's verdant face,
 Or tir'd, repos'd beneath the flow'ring thorn.

At noon I join'd the merry jocund train
 Of youths, whose hearts no turpitude annoy'd ;
 Whose bosoms felt no agonizing pain,
 From health impair'd, or innocence decoy'd.

Then evening led me to yon antique hall,*
 Where science nurs'd my young compeers to fame,
 Taught them to follow fair ambition's call,
 And shun the paths of infamy and shame.

* *Beaumont Hall, near Redbourn, Herts.*

Intent t' improve, and fed'lous to know,
I there revolv'd the tomes of useful lore,
Nor saw remote those tides of varied woe,
Which TIME devolves from his exhaustless store.

I fancied then, and fancy loves to sooth !
That when to man's " full zenith " I'd attain'd,
Life's tranfient hours would glide ferenely fmooth,
And bounties crown my moments unreftrein'd.

But fancy's fled—her colours are deftroy'd,
Her fmiles feducive now no more appear;
Ingulph'd in dark oblivion's " formlefs void,"
Like fetting funs they're gone—no more my fight to cheer.

THE SHIPWRECK.

FOUR hours have fled fince like a fiery orb
In fplendour lurid fank the lamp of day,
And eve breaks off abruptly into night;
Horror-clad fhe comes, fpreading wild terror
O'er this nether world—Till now, ne'er heard I
Such warring elemental ftrife—Methinks
That lightning clad hell's genius rides the
Wild-wing of the ftorm—The earth's convuls'd, and
Ocean furies mingle with the clouds—
Heard you that found ! twas the fignal fad of
Wave-worn mariners, whose bark, impell'd
On with furious hafte, againft their efforts
Flies, to where the furge in dreadful thunders
Break upon the founding fhire—

But dimly
Seen, behold yon female form, around whose
Head the vivid lightnings play, the while her
Locks loofe flowing lath her beauteous face:
'Tis Eleanor, fhe the blue-ey'd maid whom
Edward lov'd.

Three annual funs have roll'd,
Since, for to reinfate th' injur'd for une
Of a much-lov'd parent, he to eaftern
Realms did fail—What bodings fatal ruff'd on

Eleanor's mind! what secret terrors
 Then usurp'd her soul, with what eloquence
 (Love-taught) in tears against it did she plead,
 Herself, her fortunes, all offering, him
 To detain—He of noble soul, refus'd
 In his own woes the fair-one to involve;
 Her sorrowing he left—

But the tidings
 Of a grief-worn father waning to the
 Tomb, now ask his quick return.

From morning's
 Dawn till night with murky veil enwraps the
 Ocean wide, does Eleanor watch
 Each coming sail, and in expectance sighs.
 Last eve retiring, scarce on the pillow
 Had she thrown her, when, scar'd by the fleeting
 Vision of the night she 'woke, and o'er her
 Heard the stormy wild uproar—
 Up she sprang—and soon to yon rock, which
 O'er the troublous deep impends, she flies, and
 Thro' the mists of moody night, assisted
 By the lightnings glare, behold yon shatter'd
 Vessel driven by the furious storm,
 To sure destruction on yon pointed
 Crag—Hark! that shriek distress'd! she strikes! she splits!
 And to the waves the wretched sailor flings—
 Behold, on the boiling billows borne, a
 Youth, who with nervous arm 'gainst death contend;
 Eleanor sees him—Oh! 'tis Edward!
 At what a fatal hour to meet—See, from
 The pendent rock she plunges in the deep,
 And clasps her Edward in the hour of death.
 In chaste embrace they 'mid the waves go down!
 Angels of bliss, their spotless spirits bear
 To where life's troublous storms are felt no more.

JOSEPHUS.

Lynn, June 4, 1798.

Literary Review.

The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford, 5 vols.
Royal 4to. pp. 2808, with plates. 10l. 10l. Large
paper, 21l. Robinsons.

THIS voluminous and splendid work will afford ample gratification to the literary world. It presents the man of genius with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Indeed, no one acquainted with the character of its illustrious author can open these pages without feeling the most pleasing sensations. With a considerable degree of pleasure have we examined its contents, and we are eager to impart to our Readers a portion of that satisfaction which we ourselves have experienced.

But it may be first necessary to let our Readers into the character of the late Earl of Orford. Some few remarks may not be unacceptable. We mean not to enter into his memoirs, for that is at present foreign to our purpose. We shall only briefly state the general complexion of his character.

Lord Orford was more generally known by the name of *Horace Walpole*. He was a nobleman of celebrity, for his fine genius and his disinterested generosity. His connexion with literary men was very considerable for a long series of years, and hence his anecdotes respecting the *Literati* were numerous and entertaining. On this account his company was anxiously courted, and his conversation talents enlivened every company into which he came. His productions also were full of anecdote, and very illustrative of the fine arts. At Strawberry
Vol. IV. R Hill,

Hill, his favourite residence, he kept a press, whence issued several works written both by himself and by his friends. His known readiness to patronize genius made the unfortunate *Chatterton* apply to him; but, owing to some untoward circumstances, the application was in vain. For a time this conduct of Earl Orford towards the unhappy youth was much censured. But upon a fair examination, it appears that the Earl was not to blame, and in these volumes his conduct is amply vindicated. It is but justice to mention this topic, and we are happy to speak of it in a manner so much in the Earl's favour. At the time, indeed, some suspicions were entertained respecting the propriety or rather the manner by which Chatterton attempted to introduce himself to this nobleman's patronage. Every circumstance has been since developed, and the failure of the attempt must be ascribed not to the want of generosity in the patron, but to the rashness and impetuosity of the applicant.

Earl Orford lived to an advanced age, happy in himself, and imparting happiness to all around him. It was at a late period of life he received his title, but in him it excited no vanity or ostentation. In one of his letters he pleasantly remarks to a friend, who had congratulated him on his honours, that he did not like to be *nick-named* in his old age. This shewed his superior genius, elated only by those acquirements which embellish and perfect the immortal mind. His sprightliness even to the last was remarkable, for he wrote *six weeks* previous to his death a curious epistle to a female correspondent, which illustrates his character, and shall be here inserted:—

“ MY DEAR MADAM,

“ You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse any body. My old fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honor me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have any thing particular to say; I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three
very

very private places, where I see nobody that really knows any thing, and what I learn comes from newspapers that collect intelligence from coffee-houses, consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me once a year to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own cotemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls, or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth shewing? Or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate? Oh! my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shewn. Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves, when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth cakes that lie on the shop boards of pastry-cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me, when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then, pray madam, accept the resignation of

“Your ancient servant,

“ORFORD.”

This great man died in February 1797, after a short illness, borne down, or rather fairly worn out, by the infirmities of age.

He had, it seems, towards the close of life meditated an edition of his works, which he never lived to accomplish. He however committed them to the care of Robert Berry, Esq. who has now published them. The author's own advertisement is prefixed, and shall be here transcribed.

“ADVERTISEMENT.

“As I have been an author in various ways and in various forms, some body or other might think of collecting my works. To prevent this, and at the same time to avoid having pieces attributed to me which I never wrote, and to condemn, by suppressing as far as I can, some which do not deserve publication, I have determined to leave this collection behind me. The approbation bestowed on some part, authorizes me to think they are not unworthy of being preserved

in this manner. The few pieces which have never appeared before, were either kept back from reasons which exist no longer, or were at the time in their own nature private. I mean, particularly, the letters addressed to ministers, or written on political occasions. They are not produced now from any merit in the composition, but as evidences of my own conduct; and, as such, they give me greater satisfaction at this late period than any other part of my writings.

“HOR. WALPOLE.”

The contents of these *five* volumes are exceedingly miscellaneous. They are nevertheless very interesting. The curiosity of the Reader must be excited and shall be gratified, begging him at the same time to observe, that though many of the pieces were formerly published, yet the present additional matter constitutes more than *two* of these quarto volumes. The whole work is also embellished with near *two* hundred portraits and plates.

Contents of Vol. I. Fugitive Pieces, &c.

Vol. II. The Castle of Otranto, &c.

Vol. III. Anecdotes of Painting.

Vol. IV. A Catalogue of Engravers, &c.

Vol. V. Letters, &c.

An account of each of these several pieces in the respective volumes will not be expected. We must refer to the work itself. But as its bulk prevents its falling into many hands, we shall select the most curious particulars, and enrich some of our numbers with them. In the mean time we present our subscribers with a few extracts, which, while they afford a fair specimen of the publication, must be productive of instruction and entertainment.

We shall begin with the character of *Queen Caroline*, whose inclination to patronize learned men is well known. This redounds much to her honour. Every particular therefore respecting her is interesting, and from the pen of Lord Orford acquires a double value.

“CHARACTER

“ CHARACTER OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

“ Queen Caroline was said to have been very handsome at her marriage, soon after which she had the small-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a most pleasing countenance: it was full of majesty or mildness as she pleased, and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands beautifully small, plump, and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong; and so was her resolution. From their earliest connexion she had determined to govern the king, and deserved to do so; for her submission to his will was unbounded, her sense much superior, and his honour and interest always took place of her own: so that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill employed. She was ambitious to be of fame; but, shackled by her devotion to the king, she seldom could pursue that object. She wished to be a patroness of learned men; but George had no respect for them or their works; and her Majesty's own taste was not very exquisite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any studies. Her generosity would have displayed itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes: but he stinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she bore the imputation of his avarice, as she did of others of his faults. Often when she had made prudent and proper promises of preferment, and could not persuade the King to comply, she suffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being supposed to be governed by her; and that silly parade was extended even to the most private moments of business with my father: whenever he entered, the queen rose, curtsied and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condescended to bid her stay—on both occasions she and Sir Robert had previously settled the business to be discussed. Sometimes the King would quash the proposal in question; and yield after re-talking it over with her—but then he boasted to Sir Robert that he himself had better considered of it.

“ One of the Queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the King believed she paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended

plans, saying he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids Sir Robert furnished to her from the treasury. When she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the King.

"Her learning I have said was superficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The King, with a bluff Westphalian accent, spoke English correctly. The Queen's chief study was divinity; and she had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not orthodox; and her confidante, Lady Sunden, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less-believing clergy. The Queen, however, was so sincere at her death, that when Archbishop Potter was to administer the sacrament to her, she declined taking it, very few persons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the anti-room crowded round him, crying 'My Lord, has the Queen received?' His Grace artfully eluded the question, only saying most devoutly, 'Her Majesty was in a heavenly disposition'—and the truth escaped the public.

"She suffered more unjustly by declining to see her son, the Prince of Wales, to whom she sent her blessing and forgiveness—but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the King, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him again if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband to a worthless child.

"The Queen's greatest error was too high an opinion of her own address and art: she imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her were imposed upon; and she had the additional weakness of thinking that she could play off many persons without being discovered. That mistaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offensive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealousies between the ministers, that each might be more dependent on herself, was no sound wisdom. It was the Queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between Sir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law Lord Townshend. Yet though she disliked some of the cabinet, she never let her own prejudices disturb the King's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the mistress. Lord Hay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for Sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in spite of his attachment to Lady Suffolk.

"The

"The Queen's great secret was her own rupture, which till her last illness nobody knew but the King, her German nurse Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her Majesty would frequently stand some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies*; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariably a rule never to refuse a desire of the King, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him; and more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout; but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in Sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her secret. On my mother's death, who was of the Queen's age, her Majesty asked Sir Robert many physical questions—but he remarked, that she oftenest reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, 'Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret Lady Sunden has preserved such an ascendent over the Queen.' He was in the right. How Lady Sunden had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As Sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson Bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from Lady Sunden, who espoused, as I have said, the heterodox clergy; and Sir Robert could never shake her credit.

"Yet the Queen was constant in her protection of Sir Robert, and the day before she died gave a strong conviction that he was the firmest support the King had. As they two alone were standing by the Queen's bed, she pathetically recom-

* While the Queen dressed, prayers used to be read in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bedchamber-woman in waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain, Dr. Madox (afterwards Bishop of Worcester), begin the service. He said archly, 'And a very proper altar-piece is here, Madam!' Queen Anne had the same custom; and once ordering the door to be shut while she shifted, the chaplain stopped. The Queen sent to ask why he did not proceed? He replied, 'He would not whistle the word of God through the key-hole.'

mended,

mended, not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impression—but a short time after the King reading with Sir Robert some intercepted letters from Germany, which said, that now the Queen was gone Sir Robert would have no protection: ‘On the contrary,’ said the King, ‘you know she recommended *me* to you.’ This marked the notice he had taken of the expression; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his Majesty’s grief was so excessive and so sincere, that his kindness to his minister seemed to increase for the Queen’s sake.” Vol. iv. p. 305.

“INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE I.

“The night but one before the King began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartments of the Countess of Walsingham, on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James’s, which opened into that of her aunt the Duchess of Kendal: apartments occupied by George II. after his Queen’s death, and by his successive mistresses, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

“Notice being given that the King was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the Duchess’s anti-room, where we found alone the King and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

“The person of the King is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man rather pale, and exactly like to his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tye-wig, plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and blue riband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the Duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his Majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was.

“My childish loyalty, and the condescension in gratifying it, were, I suppose, causes that contributed very soon afterwards to make me shed a flood of tears for that sovereign’s death, when with the other scholars at Eton college I walked
in

in procession to the proclamation of the successor, and which (though I think they partly fell because I imagined it became the son of a prime minister to be more concerned than other boys) were no doubt imputed by many of the spectators who were politicians, to my fears of my father's most probable fall, but of which I had not the smallest conception; nor should have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had lost all taste for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himself." Vol. iv. p. 273.

The letters in this work are replete with entertainment, particularly the correspondence with Marshall Conway, Gray the poet, and Mrs. Hannah More. Nothing can be more pleasing than to see great men opening their inmost soul to each other, making their remarks on the interesting occurrences of the day, and endeavouring to derive wisdom from the variegated transactions of life. It is this circumstance that imparts a peculiar zest to epistolary productions. Accordingly mankind have ever been eager in the perusal of them. Next to conversation, it enlightens the mind with a vivacity which commands admiration.

As Chatterton's application for patronage to Lord Orford is well known, and made much noise in the world*, we present the Reader with the following interesting correspondence:—

THREE ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM CHATTERTON TO
MR. WALPOLE.

" SIR,

" I am not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's Poems, &c. &c. from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's-minster was in Bristol. In

* See the *first* Number of the *first* Volume of the *Monthly Visitor*, which contains both a Portrait and Life of that extraordinary young man. There the Reader will find a particular account of this application.

speaking

speaking of painters in Bristol, I mean glass-stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the present possessor, which is all I know of them. Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature; I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

"I am, your humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

Bristol, April 8, 1769.

"SIR,

"Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, a very able antiquary, who is now writing the history of Bristol, has desired it of me, and I should be sorry to deprive him or the world indeed of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity. Your very humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol, Corn-street, April 14, 1769.

"If you will publish them yourself, they are at your service."

"SIR,

"I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir, and did not you know my circumstances you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MSS*. An answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige,

July 24.

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

MR. WALPOLE'S LETTER TO CHATTERTON, ON HIS DEMANDING HIS MANUSCRIPTS. (*not sent.*)

"SIR,

"I do not see, I must own, how those precious MSS. of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist from whence you say you copied your extracts? and from

* The MSS. were sent back the 4th of August.

which

which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession, by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not chuse to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity, if he believes in the authenticity of these papers) intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley, or of the poetical Monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? Poetry so resembling both Spencer and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the Monk wrote. I doubt not Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts. For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, sir, I will have them copied, and send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your original letters as an ingenious contrivance however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them, whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

“I own, I should be better diverted if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expence, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would shew you had little opinion of my judgment; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter, as you say, sir, that you are very young, and it would be a pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour.”

“N. B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his re-demanding his MSS. but not chusing to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and only folding up his papers, returned them.

“HOR. WALPOLE.”

We

We have transcribed these letters not merely as literary curiosities, but as exhibiting the true state of the correspondence between these two extraordinary characters. It must be added, that in a periodical publication for 1792, Lord Orford's first letter to Chatterton was inserted, which breathed a kind and friendly spirit, and the falsely accused nobleman alluding to this epistle, asserts in his *last declaration respecting Chatterton* :—

“ The letter now printed is agreeable to what I have constantly affirmed with the strictest truth, that I did not treat that unhappy young man with arrogance. I do as positively affirm, that I wrote a subsequent letter to him, with kind and good advice, and that in not one of the few letters that I did write to him was an arrogant word. To an impertinent one from him I sent no answer, but returned his papers without a word of reply.

“ Should a posthumous letter hereafter appear contradicting my assertions, when I shall not be alive to disprove it, it will carry its own condemnation in its front, and must be deemed a forgery. The advocates of Chatterton having dared, till confuted, to ascribe his death to me who never beheld him, would most assuredly not have stifled a letter that would have ascertained their own assertions, and the falsehoods of my denials.

“ HORACE EARL OF ORFORD.”

This last solemn asseveration does equal credit to his Lordship's integrity and reputation.

Odes and Miscellanies, by Robert Farren Cheetham.
Champante and Whitrow. 6s.

IN the volume before us, we discern marks of genius and of industry, which entitle it to our approbation. Its Author upon its publication entered his *nineteenth* year. We are ever ready to countenance juvenile productions. And whilst on the one hand we mention the parts deserving of praise, justice on the other hand requires

requires we should point out the defects. Indiscriminate applause is the bane of early writers. Whereas to apprise young Authors of the errors into which they have fallen, is the way to improve and perfect the future efforts of their pen.

The contents of this volume are divided into Odes, Satires, Elegies, Sonnets, Translations, and a few Latin Pieces. With the Odes, in general, we are pleased. The subjects seem well chosen and the verse flowing and easy. We do not indeed find in them either the sublimity of Gray, or the refinement of Mason. We however discern a degree of juvenile merit which promises well. We present our Readers with the *Ode on Science*.

TO SCIENCE.

“ Rough from the mine, the gemmy store,
With ambient dross encrusted o’er,
 No vivid spark displays;
But, polish’d by the hand of art,
Around its confections dart,
 And feign a living blaze.

Not otherwise the human mind,
Uncultivated, unrefin’d,
 Enwrapt in error seems;
But when to man’s astonish’d gaze
Science her ample page displays,
 His mind with knowledge teems.

Learning, thou Sun, that gilds the mind,
Of human pleasures most refin’d,
 I woo thee to my shed!
Thy plastic hand can nourish youth,
“ And teach the young ideas” growth;
 Our minds by thee are fed:

Thou canst encharm the live-long night,
And even peevish age delight

Throughout the sickly day ;
 Thou shed'st a lustre on a crown,
 Nor dost, when Fates adversely frown,
 Refuse thy lenient sway.

The joys of Learning charm the mind
 When roving free and unconfin'd
 Along the vale or hill ;
 They charm in rustic state when laid
 Under the hawthorn's grateful shade,
 Or by the pebbled rill.

To Science then direct thy view,
 Her angel form with zeal pursue,
 While circling years shall flow ;
 Increase in knowledge as in days,
 And always deem it highest praise,
 Her mysteries to know.

Short is the date of human life,
 A checquer'd scene of varied strife,
 The page of Science wide ;
 Wisdom by long experience grows,
 Great skill from live-long study flows,
 Be Learning then thy pride.

Great Cato, of immortal fame,
 That honour of the Roman name,
 When now advanc'd in age,
 Did not with haughty mein disdain
 New springs of Learning to obtain,
 But con'd the Grecian page."

The *Ode to Peace* opens with these lines, which constitutes an animated apostrophe :—

" Hail ! charming dove-eyed fair,
 Serene, engaging, mild,
 In beauty far beyond compare,
 Heav'n's true angelic child.
 Hear, nor scorn the humble lay ;
 Hear a suitor's ardent pray'r :
 To thee my daily vows I pay,
 To thee, my love, my joy, my care.

O when

O when shall War, of iron heart,
 Mov'd with thy beauties, lovely maid,
 Sheathe the dire sword, and blunt the dart,
 And heal the wounds his wrath has made?
 How would it glad my raviſh'd ſoul,
 To ſee him proſtrate to thee bend,
 And own thy ſweet divine controul,
 And own thee for his miſtreſs and his friend.

The Ode on the *Neglect of Humble Merit*, cloſes with this ſpirited addreſs, which, we truſt, will conciliate attention:—

“ O ye, the favour'd ſons of Britain's iſle,
 Whoſe days are ſmooth as yon unruffled ſtream,
 On whom dame Fortune caſts her ſweeteſt ſmile,
 Whoſe hours with unimpeded pleaſure teem:
 Seek out for “worth by poverty depreſt,”
 And kindly aid it by your foſtering care,
 Nor longer let it lie unknown, unbleſt,
 But riſe, and all its genuine ſplendour bear.
 Thus ſhall your never-dying name,
 Enroll'd in all the liſts of fame,
 To late poſterity deſcend;
 Sooner ſhall ceaſe to ſing the virgin-choir,
 Sooner Apollo ceaſe to ſtrike the lyre,
 Than the loud voice of Fame forget the Muſes' friend.
 Britannia too will thank your tender care,
 And you her only ſons of genuine birth declare.

With the Satires, particularly the two firſt, we are not ſo well pleaſed. They are too perſonal. We are ſorry to ſee the peaceful Muſe interfering with the troubled politics of the day. Her efforts ſhould be to ſoothe, not irritate the paſſions of thoſe whom ſhe ſtrives to mend.

The *Sonnet to Glory*, is well conceived, and happily expreſſed. We ſhall inſert it:—

TO GLORY.

" On the proud summit of yon craggy steep
 Tremendous, towers the golden dome of Fame,
 Where shades of heroes stand in long array;
 Emblazon'd on whose walls the storied name
 Makes dangers smile inviting, steals away
 The sense of woes, and gives our mortal eyes
 To view Death's ghastly grin, nor turn to weep.
 Fired by the voice of Glory's trump sublime,
 Mortals yon furlen crags undaunted climb,
 While each nerve toils, and swells each throbbing vein;
 As when the steed, with thunder-clothed mein,
 Obsequious to the clanging clarion flies,
 Swallows the ground, nor stays his dart-like speed,
 Till panting, foaming, faint, he reach the place decreed."

Upon the whole, notwithstanding some blemishes by which juvenile productions are usually characterized, and which a more mature genius will enable the Author to correct, this volume displays a cultivated mind, capable of, and disposed to still further improvements.

A New and General Biographical Dictionary, containing an Historical and Critical Account of the Lives and Writings of the most Eminent Persons in every Nation; particularly the British and Irish, from the earliest Accounts of Time to the present Period; wherein their remarkable Actions and Sufferings, their Virtues, Parts, and Learning are accurately displayed, with a Catalogue of their Literary Productions. 15 vols. new edition, greatly enlarged and improved. Robinsons, &c. 5l. 5s. in boards.

BIOGRAPHY has always been a favourite study with mankind. The domestic scenes, the private anecdotes, and the interesting situations of individuals, which
 are

are here laid open to view, insure to it a welcome reception. We are therefore glad to point out any new publications on so instructive and entertaining a subject.

The plan of this work is drawn out on the most extensive scale, and must on this account be necessarily defective. The last edition of it was made in 1784, and abounded with inaccuracies. These are now rectified, and many new lives added. An Appendix also, which accompanied the former edition, has been incorporated into one alphabet. As a work of such extent must be some time printing, oftentimes several eminent men die during this period. An Appendix, therefore, containing an account of them, however short, must be an acceptable addition. We are sorry to find that the present work has no such addition, since it would have contributed towards a greater degree of perfection.

The several lives are on the whole well written, though evidently by different hands. This circumstance produces both a diversity of style and sentiment. To some, such a trait of variety will be acceptable, whilst others may think that the uniformity which ought to reign through a biographical performance is hereby destroyed. Be that as it may, the work will be highly useful and entertaining to almost every description of readers.

Of so large a production it would be impossible to select a specimen sufficiently ample within the limits of our work, and this is the less necessary, because we intend in the successive Numbers of our Miscellany to insert some of the most interesting parts of this extensive Biography.

With respect to the impartiality with which these lives are in general written, there is no reason of complaint. Justice, however, compels us to remark, that the merits of *dissenting* characters are not always fairly appreciated. Hints are thrown out which favour of illiberality. Even the enlightened and bene-

volent Dr. Richard Price, is accused of being *infected* with the modern philosophy. Surely the writer of that article must have been grossly blinded by party prejudice to have suffered such an expression to escape his pen. Dr. Kippis, in his *Biographia Britannica*, paid *his* tribute of applause with the same cheerfulness to *churchmen* as to dissenters. This impartiality redounds to his praise, and will reflect an honour on his memory when party prejudices and partial writers shall be alike forgotten.

An Impartial and Comprehensive View of the present State of Great Britain—containing, I. The Advantages which we enjoy, and which arise from Natural, Moral, or Political Causes; and have occasioned, or tend to promote, our Strength, Wealth, Health and Virtue, and Liberty as a Nation. II. The Disadvantages which we Labour under, and which affect our National Strength, Wealth, Health and Virtue, or Liberty. III. Methods of improving our Advantages, or turning them to the best Account. IV. Methods of removing or mitigating our Disadvantages, particularly for repairing our Finances. With an Appendix, on the present Scarcity of Gold and Silver. By the Rev. G. S. Keith, A. M. Author of Tracts on the Corn Laws, Weights, Measures and Coins, &c. Robinsons.

THE enormous length of this title page must have given the reader a tolerable idea of the contents of this pamphlet. It is an abstract of the whole—and as such entitled to the attention of those who peruse it. But the work itself must be examined. It will be however sufficient to say, that it is well written in point of composition—that its matter is exceedingly interesting, and that it is deserving the statesman's candid attention. It is true, that every thing under the aspect of reform is now studiously rejected—but is not this of itself a proof

proof of the "evil times on which we are fallen." Surely a pamphlet written with a more than usual moderation should not be entirely overlooked. It is fraught with good sense, and apparently dictated by an ardent concern for the best interests of Britain. Towards the conclusion the author has ingeniously summed up the whole of his reasonings in a few words. This summary we present to the reader—by which he will be enabled to judge of the nature and tendency of this pamphlet.

"If the impartial voice of a literary man, who either has, or thinks he has, a more comprehensive understanding than to belong to any party, could reach the Senators and Representatives of Great Britain, I would sum up this examination in the following words :

"MY COUNTRYMEN,

"DISCONTENTED persons alarm, and interested men deceive you : hear the truth ! Our country has many natural, moral, and political advantages, which tend to promote the strength, the wealth, the health and virtue, and the liberties of the nation ; an insular situation, an extensive surface, a fertile soil, a great inland and foreign trade, an improved agriculture, an immense floating capital, navigable rivers, artificial canals, excellent harbours, and an immense shipping ; intelligent farmers, skilful manufacturers, and brave seamen ; good laws, a free constitution, and a rational, mild, and humane religion. These are real and important advantages, if ye prize them highly and improve them duly ; and infinitely more valuable than the ideal or exaggerated advantages of the balance of trade or last year's exports. But with all these advantages, which render this country the most eligible place to every wise man, we labour under several disadvantages which ought to be known, that we may bear them with fortitude, mitigate them by humanity, or remove them by prudence. Some of these disadvantages affect the strength of the nation ; namely, the pressing of seamen, the enlisting of soldiers for life, and the game laws : others of them regard the wealth of the nation ; namely, the payment of tithes in kind, and the poor's rates in England ; the entailing of estates, and want of a jury
in

in civil causes, in Scotland; and in both countries the Gothic practice of fixing the wages of labour, improper corn laws, various weights and measures, and the multiplicity of our laws. Other disadvantages are occasioned by our wealth, and are the effects of luxury, producing prodigality in our merchants before they acquire any capital; effeminacy, which enervates a warlike, and weakens the strong minds of a thoughtful nation; and, in one of the most humane nations, establishing imprisonment for debt, and severe and multiplied penal laws. Another class of disadvantages affects the liberty of the nation; namely, our unequal representation in Parliament, the acts for the preservation of his Majesty's person and for preventing seditious meetings, some of the Excise laws, and a few which may be called retrospective laws; but our continental connections, foreign wars, national debts, and numerous taxes, are evils which affect the *strength*, the *wealth*, the health and virtue, and the liberties of the nation, all at once. A great effort is necessary; yet our case is by no means desperate, if ye would only improve our advantages to the best account, and bear, mitigate, or remove the evils we labour under, avoid continental connections, especially having land armies on the continent. If ye ever interfere, send a little money to the continent (as little as possible) and keep your own element, the ocean. As far as ye can, avoid all wars; you have no spare hands, and your armies require so many accommodations, that the expence of war has become enormous. Improve your soil, attend first to your internal trade, to your foreign trade in the second place, and last of all the carrying trade. Attend to your canals, roads, bridges, and harbours. Encourage genius, especially mechanical genius; and be attached to your constitution and to your religion: thus shall ye turn your advantages to the best account. The disadvantages which we labour under may be removed, or mitigated, or endured. Be humane to your seamen, the great support of your strength. The mode of pressing these guardians of your frontiers is a bad one: enrol them in a register; let them serve by rotation when ye need them; but let the owners of ships be taxed to produce a certain number. Increase the pay and the prize-money of your married seamen, and take care of their widows and children if they die in your service. Enlist your soldiers for a limited time, and reward them all in proportion to their time of service. Revise or abrogate your game laws,

laws, that the people, who are all freemen, may be accustomed to the use of arms. Abolish the payment of tithes in kind, but give a reasonable conversion in place of them; and revise and reform the laws in regard to poor's rates in England. Abolish perpetual entails upon landed estates in Scotland, and let that country have a jury in civil causes. In both kingdoms let labour find its own price; revise your coin laws; regulate your weights and measures; simplify all your laws as much as you can in the present state of society; and out of the two codes of English and Scotch laws, make out a comprehensive system for Great Britain, while you have men of mind and of information who are adequate to the office. Ye cannot banish, but ye can tax luxury; and ye can revise your laws with regard to imprisonment for debt; and also all your penal laws, which are too severe, and also impolitic. Repeal those late acts which are injurious to liberty, but provide for the protection of the Sovereign; and prevent, rather than punish, seditious practices; but let occasional restrictions of liberty be renewed with reluctance, and only from one year to another. Let every man use his property as he pleases, if he pay all taxes; and let no law have a retrospect. But if ye wish (and ye certainly wish) to restore this country to its former splendor, attend particularly to the state of our finances; weigh attentively the outlines of the plan of a direct tax, which is here proposed; and remember, that by imposing direct taxes in the most popular mode, ye shall conciliate the affections of the people, and, without any violent means, both repair our finances and virtually reform the representation of the people. Liberty and equality are only fit for robbers. Liberty and property are the principles according to which we should both impose taxes and reform the constitution. Having thus gained the confidence of all ranks, ye will have leisure for compiling a general code of laws both for South and for North Britain. We are in an advanced period of society, and that work must embrace a great extent of subject, and require both great wisdom and virtue to execute it properly. But shew to the nations of Europe that the legislators of Britain are men of vigorous minds; and let the following examples of a vigorous understanding, taken from the History of Greece, encourage you to discharge your public duty.

“Some wrong-headed men insist that our free constitution has

has lost all its vigour, and that our legislators are become altogether corrupted. So the children of Sophocles insisted that their father was in a state of dotage, though he retained the vivacity and vigour of his genius to extreme old age. They summoned him before the judges on pretence of lunacy, that they might obtain a decree to take possession of his estate. He made no other defence than by reading the tragedy of *Œdipus Colonneus*. His judges were delighted, and his unnatural children were disappointed. In like manner, by a comprehensive system of wise laws, not cruel, or like the representation of a tragedy, but abounding in the moral sublime, shew to all the world, as judges between you and some of your seditious and unnatural countrymen, that the British constitution has not lost its vigour, nor her senators and representatives that strength of mind and deep powers of reason by which they have been so long distinguished. Some misguided zealots have left this country, hoping to find liberty in a neighbouring kingdom—they have been sadly disappointed. Let another example from the History of Greece attract your attention. The Athenians, who were engaged in the unfortunate expedition into Sicily under Nicias, were delivered from their slavery by the Sicilians, in consequence of repeating some of the verses of Euripides (another Grecian poet); and upon coming back to their own country, they went to his house and returned public thanks to their benefactor. So, I doubt not, those few British subjects who left this happy island, hoping for greater liberty in another kingdom, when they see the wisdom of your laws and the blessings of which they are deprived, shall return again to this island, confess they were deluded by worthless impostors, and, throwing off the yoke of liberty and equality, shall publicly recant their political errors, and acknowledge, that the British constitution and the British laws are the best in the known world."

The author, in order to render his reasonings as intelligible as possible, has also thrown the contents of the pamphlet into an allegorical representation, entitled, *Sketches of the History of John Bull, Farmer and Manufacturer*. There is so much ingenuity and good humour in the representation, that we shall present it to our readers in a future Number.

The

The Trial at Large of Arthur O'Connor, Esq. John Binns, John Allen, Jeremiah Leary, and James Coigley, for High Treason, before Judge Buller, &c. under a Special Commission, at Maidstone, in the County of Kent. Taken in Short-Hand. Ridgeway. 2s. 6d.

OF the particulars of this memorable trial the Public are already in possession by means of the papers. Should, however, any individual wish to obtain a full detail of the whole, his curiosity will be gratified by the perusal of this pamphlet, the contents of which appear to have been taken down with fairness and impartiality. The speeches of the counsel, on both sides, the deposition of the witnesses, the defence of the prisoners, together with the address of the Judge to the unhappy *Coigley* after conviction, contain many interesting particulars. In a land of freedom, the inhabitants are naturally desirous to become acquainted with the process of law, whether it ends in the acquittal or conviction of their fellow subjects. This privilege we enjoy, and long may we enjoy it. It is to be numbered among the blessings resulting from the British Constitution.

Youth's Miscellany; or, Father's Gift to his Children. By the Author of the Juvenile Olio. 4s. bound. Newbury.

THE encouragement which the Author has received from the Public on a former occasion, has induced him to produce the present work, which will afford to young minds instruction and entertainment. It consists of Essays, Tales, Fables, and Reflections, and may be safely introduced both into schools or families, where a particular attention is paid to the interests of the rising generation.

The

The Little Family; written for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons. By Charlotte Sanders. 2 vols. 5s. Dilly.

THIS work appears well calculated to answer the ends for which it was composed. Its style is easy, and its contents sufficiently diversified. In spite of a few inaccuracies, which are discernible, the amiable design of its Authors should secure it from the severity of criticism.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to J. S. for his *Remarks on the Reading of Novels*, and to P. for his *Essay on the Influence of Habit in the Formation of the Human Character*. They shall be inserted in our next Number.

Lines to *Almeira*.—*Retribution*.—*Good Friday*, and the *Epigram*, by *Sciolulus*, are too imperfect to be admitted into the Garland.

Ode to the *Zephyr*.—*To Cynthia*.—*To Cheerfulness*.—*To the Muse*, and the *Complaint*, together with similar favours, coming too late for a more particular acknowledgement, are under consideration.

Remarks on the Versification of Modern Poetry, shall be given in our next Number. We beg leave at the same time to suggest to its Author a closer attention to style. He is certainly possessed of ability, but does not always communicate his ideas after the most accurate manner. We are persuaded it is for want of greater attention, since many of his sentences are well written. He will therefore excuse this hint dictated in the spirit of friendship. The remark is applicable to some other of our Correspondents, whom we hope will also profit by it.

We shall thank the Author of the *Ode to Knowledge*, (which shall have a place in our Number for July), for Prose communications. From the favourable specimen he has sent us of his Poetry, we are of opinion that he may also become an acceptable contributor to our Prose Department. We are desirous of stimulating, by means of our Miscellany, promising young men to the assiduous cultivation of their talents.

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J. Chapman sculp.

ADMIRAL LORD DUNCAN.

Published as the Act directs Aug. 1798 by H.D. Symonds Paternoster Row.